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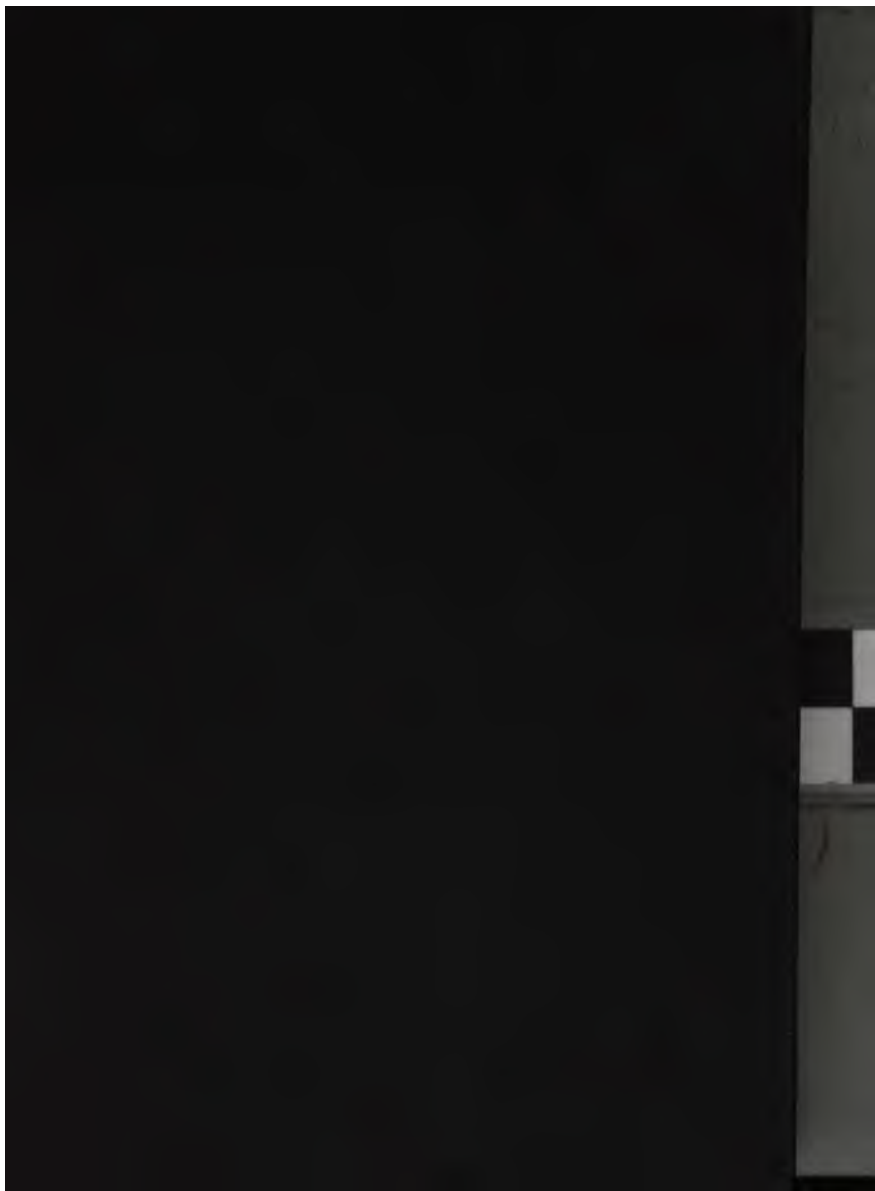
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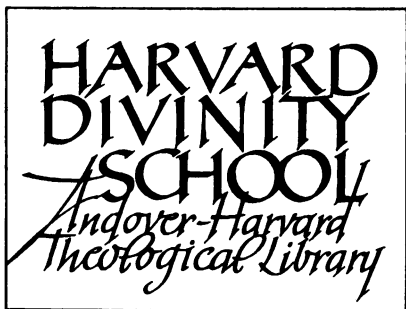
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Rev. Charles W. Hutchins.

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The Book of Common Praise :

HYMNS WITH TUNES

FOR THE

Service of the Church of England.

ARRANGED AND PRINCIPALLY COMPOSED BY

C. E. WILLING,

ORGANIST OF THE FOUNDLING, AND LATE OF ALL SAINTS, MARGARET STREET.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

**Chants for the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, and
Responses for Advent and Lent,**

AS SUNG AT ALL SAINTS;

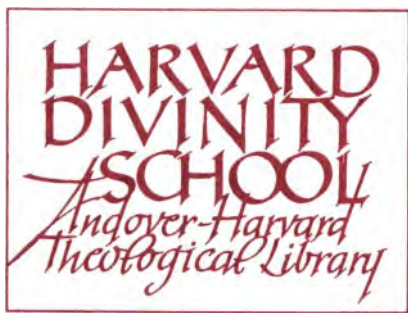
WITH FOURTEEN NEW DOUBLE CHANTS, ETC.

London :

**J. T. HAYES, LYALL PLACE, EATON SQUARE; AND
CRAMER & CO., LIMITED, 201, REGENT STREET.**

MDCCLXVIII.





Rev. Charles W. Hutchins.

11-26
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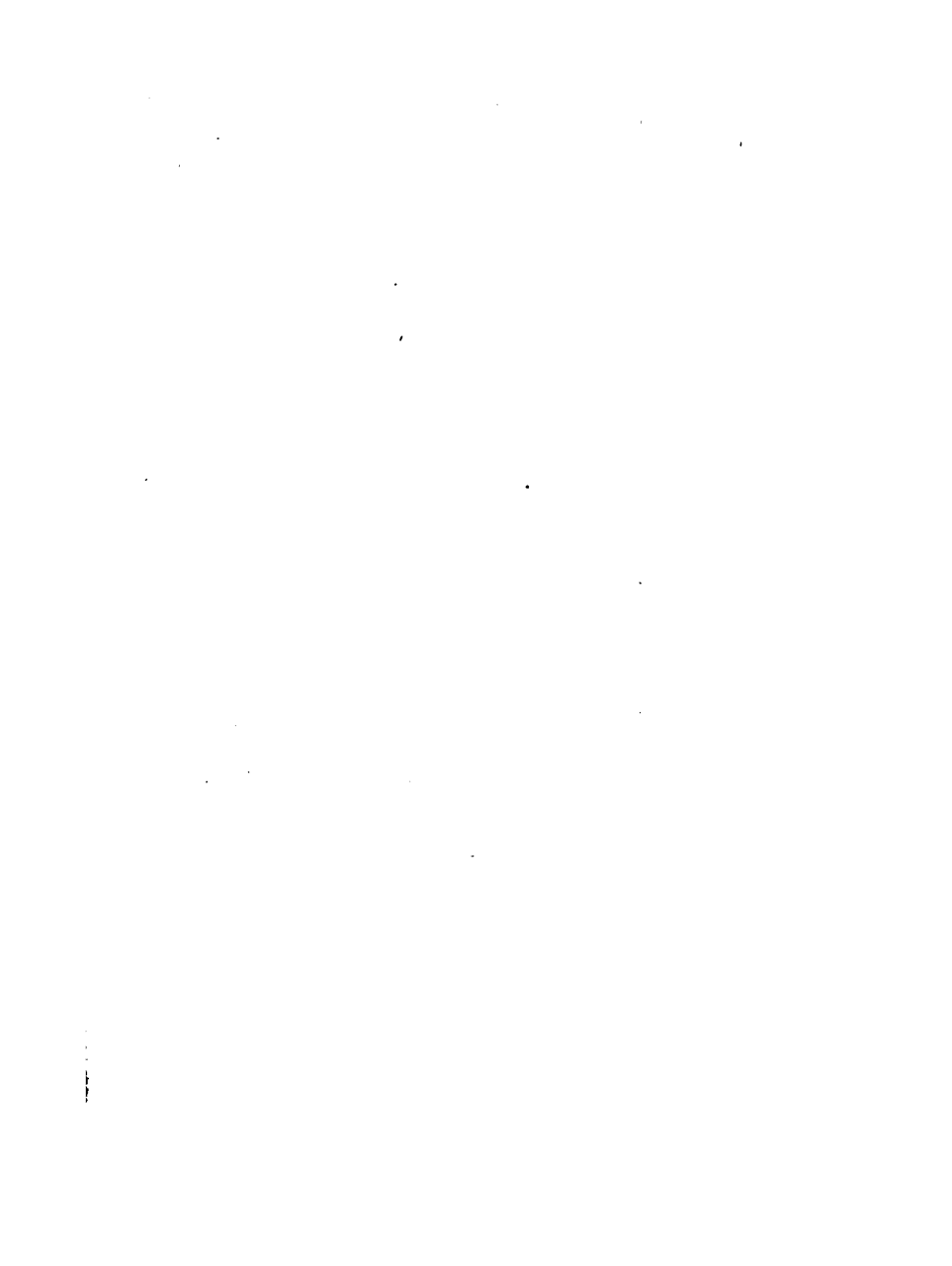


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Preface.

THIS Hymn Book was originally projected some years ago, and was intended to be chiefly a re-arrangement of material then in use in a more musicianly form than generally obtained. The immense number of copies which had been circulated of Mercer's Book and of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," had given an impetus to the production of such works. The existence of these and many other Tune Books of less popularity, though not necessarily of less merit, made it apparent that the field was occupied so far as regarded the need of similar collections, and the idea of merely producing another such was abandoned. In the interval which has elapsed, several new works have been produced of different degrees of merit, but with little to indicate any special adaptation of the music to the words. It was therefore thought better to aim at resetting certain hymns anew.

The tunes composed by the Editor of the present work have all been written with special reference to the words, and it is hoped, not entirely without success.

So far as the new tunes go, they will furnish alternatives for most of the Hymn Books now in use, due regard being had to the

necessity that the words to which they may be adapted shall be of a similar character to those originally set.

The thanks of the Editor are due particularly to J. D. Chambers, Esq., for placing the devout and scholarly "*Lauda Syon*" at his disposal, and to J. T. Hayes, Esq., for permission to make use of Neale's Eastern Church Hymns, the Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, and Neale's Hymns and Sequences; also to Sir Henry Baker, Bart., for permission to use several hymns the property of the Compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" as well as to many others who have kindly given permission to use individual hymns.

An edition of the Hymns alone is nearly ready. The Tunes printed as far as possible without words will also be issued.

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CAMBRIA.

Advent.



Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour
 comes;
 the Saviour promised long;
 every heart prepare a throne,
 and every voice a song.

Open the prisoners to release,
 Satan's bondage held;
 gates of brass before Him burst,
 and iron fetters yield.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure;
 And with the riches of His grace
 To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;
 And heaven's eternal arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

Amen.

2. BURFORD.

Addent.

PURCEL



COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return ;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd ;
The dawn shall bring us light :
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in His sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice ;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round ;
As showers that usher in the spring.
And cheer the thirsty ground.

So shall His presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light ;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

3. MONTFORT.

Advent.

C. E. WILLING.



SUPERNAL Word! thou Effluence
bright!

Thou Offspring of the Father's might!
Who, Saviour, on the world arose,
When time was verging to its close;

Our bosoms with Thy beams illumine,
And with Thy kindling love consume,
That when Thy summons dread we hear,
Guilt be no longer harboured there.

So when, our Judge, with piercing
eyes,

Thou deeds and hearts shalt scrutinise;
With vengeance smite each secret foe,
And kingdoms on the just bestow;

Oh may we not, still unforgiven,
With sinners from Thy face be driven;
But with the saints in Thy domain
Eternal purity attain!

Laud, honour, virtue, glory, be
To God the Father; Son! to Thee;
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite!—Amen.

4. PEGLING.

Advent.

C. E. WILLING.



HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:—
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

“Peace on earth, goodwill from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!”
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

“Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

“Haste ye mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,—
‘Glory be to God most high!’—Amen.

5. BLACKWELL.

Advent.

C. E. WILLING.



COME, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom;
Hear the Spirit and the Bride!
Come and take us to Thy side!

Thou, who hast our place prepared,
Make us meet for our reward!
Then with all Thy saints descend!
Then our earthly trials end!

Now destroy the man of sin!
Now Thine ancient flock bring in!
Filled with righteousness divine,
Claim a ransomed world for Thine!

6. ST. PAUL.

Advent.

Harmonised by MENDELSSOHN.



THOU Framers of the starry Heaven!
Eternal light to mortals given!
O Christ! the world's Redeemer
dear,
In mercy our petitions hear!

Who, grieving for the fatal curse
Which doomed to death the universe,
Didst bid Thy dying creatures live,
And pardon to the guilty give.

Earth waned unto her evening hour,
When Thou, a bridegroom from his
bower,
Thy Virgin's Mother's spotless shrine,
Cam'st forth in dignity divine.

O Holy Christ! we pray Thee hear!
Who shalt the Judge of men appear;
And while on earth in time we dwell,
Protect us from the assaults of hell!

Laud, honour, virtue, glory, be
To God the Father; Son! to Thee;
And to the Holy Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite!—Amen.

7. LUTHER.

Advent.



GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear?

The end of things created :
 The Judge of all men doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated :
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.
 The dead in Christ shall first arise
 At that last trumpet's sounding ;
 Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
 With joy their Lord surrounding ;
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
 Behold His wrath prevailing ;
 For they shall rise, but all their tears
 And sighs are unavailing :
 The day of grace is past and gone :
 Trembling they stand before His
 throne,

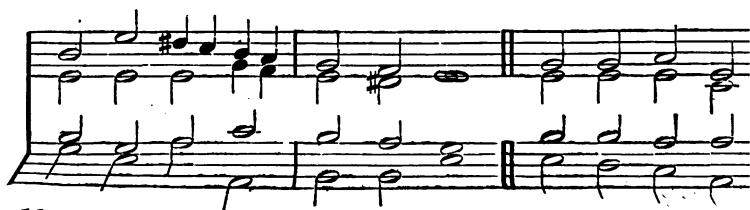
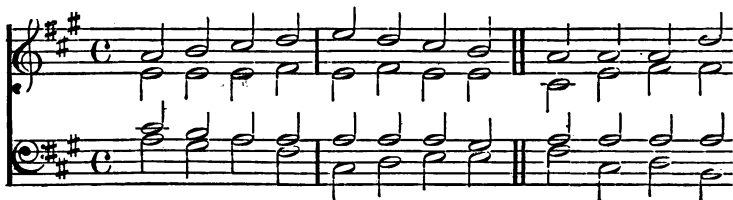
All unprepared to meet Him.
 Great God, what do I see and hear ?
 The end of things created :
 The Judge of all men doth appear
 On clouds of glory seated :
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contained before ;
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

Amen.
 9

8. BENEDICTION.

Advent.

M. HAYD.





LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix on us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesu ! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every waiting heart.

Come, Almighty, to deliver !
Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave :
Thee would we be ever blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

Finish then Thy new creation !
Pure and spotless may we be :
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee !
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Amen.

9. BANGOR.

Addent.



THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

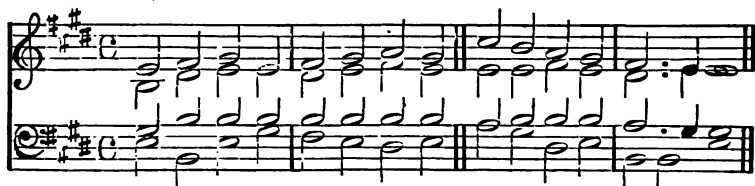
When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Amen.

10. ST. BLAISE.

Advent.



LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia!
Christ appears on earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take thy power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Alleluia! Amen.

11. MAYENCE.

Advent.

C. E. WILLING.



LO! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia!
Christ appears on earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

14

Those dear tokens of His Passion
Still His dazzling Body bears;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers;
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal Throne;
Saviour, take Thy power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own:
O come quickly!
Alleluia! Amen.

12. MARKHAM.

Advent.

C. E. WILLING.



ALL the world give praises due ;
 God is faithful, God is true ;
 He to man doth comfort send
 In his Son, the sinners' friend.

What the fathers wish'd of old,
 What the promises foretold,
 What the seers did prophesy,
 Is fulfill'd most gloriously.

My salvation, welcome be ;
 Thou, my portion, praise to Thee ;
 Come, and make Thy blest abode
 In my heart, O Son of God.

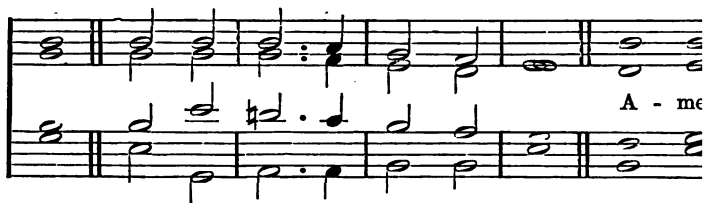
Grant Thy comforts to my mind,
 Since I'm helpless, poor, and blind ;
 O may I in faith abide
 Thine, and never turn aside.

Jesus, when in majesty
 Thou shalt come my Judge to be,
*Grant in grace, that I may stand
 Justified at Thy right hand.—Amen.*

13. KELSEY.

Advent.

C. E. WIL



IN the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the pro
Racking doubt and restless fea
And, amid the thunder cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear

But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh

Christmas.

4. ST. FAITH.

C. E. WILLING.



GHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born:
the highest realms of heaven
us a Son is given.

is shoulder He shall bear
r and majesty, and wear
is vesture and His thigh
a most awful, names most high.

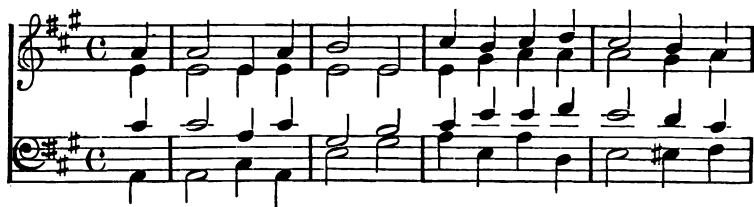
Wonderful in counsel He,
The incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings and Prince of peace.

Come and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

Amen.

Christmas.

15. ADESTE.



O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant ;
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of Angels ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

God of God,
Light of light,
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created ;
O come let us adore Him, &c.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God
In the highest ;
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given ;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Amen.

Christmas.

16. MENDELSSOHN.*



* The first and third verses to be sung in unison, except the 9th line; the second verse in harmony throughout.



HARK! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King,
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.
 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,
 Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Risen with healing in His wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

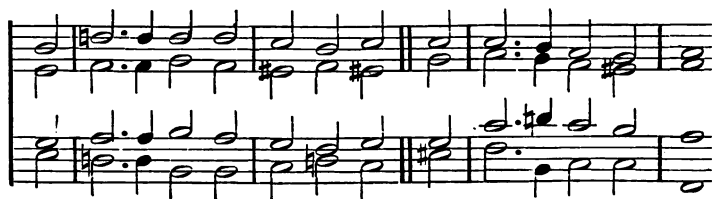
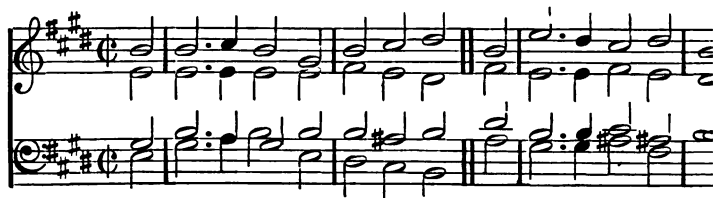
Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

Amen.

Christmas.

17. WILTON.

C. E. WILLI



WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

“Fear not,” said he ; for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
“Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

“To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line,
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign .

“The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”

Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :

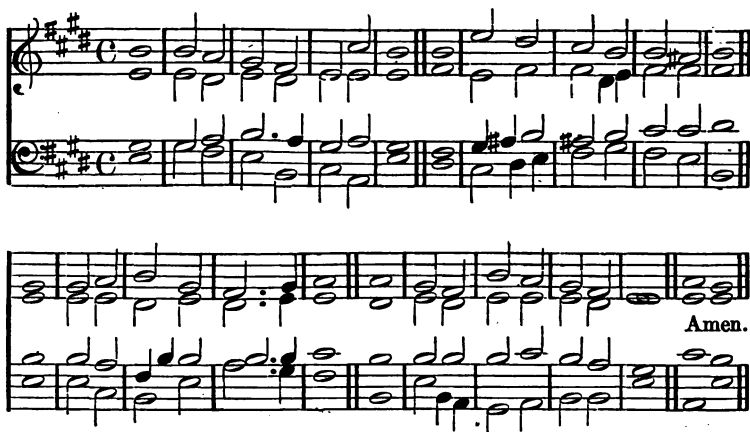
“All glory be to God on high,
And in the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.”

Amen.

Christmas.

18. MELCOMBE.

WEBBE.



O CHRIST, Redeemer of our race,
Thou brightness of the Father's
face,
Of Him and with Him ever One,
Ere times and seasons had begun ;

Thou that art very Light of Light,
Unfailing hope in sin's dark night,
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pray,
The wide world o'er this blessed day.

Remember, Lord of life and grace,
How once, to save a ruined race,
Thou didst our very flesh assume,
In Mary's undefiled womb.

To-day, as year by year its light
Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,
One precious truth is echoed on,
" 'Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou alone."

Thou from the Father's throne didst
come
To call His banished children home ;
And heaven, and earth, and sea, and
shore,
His love Who sent Thee here adore.

And gladsome too are we to-day [away ;
Whose guilt Thy blood has washed
Redeem'd, the new-made song wessing :
It is the birthday of our King.

O Lord, the Virgin-born, to Thee
Eternal praise and glory be ;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore.—Amen.

The Circumcision of Christ.

19. WARSAW.

C. E. WILLING.



'TIS for conquering kings to gain
 Glory o'er their myriads slain;
 Jesu, Thy more glorious strife
 Hath restored a world to life.

So no other name is given
 Unto mortals under heaven,
 Which can make the dead to rise,
 And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,
 That which He so dearly bought,
 That salvation, mortals, say,
 Will you madly cast away?

Rather gladly for that name
 Bear the cross, endure the shame;
 Joyfully for Him to die
 Is not death, but victory.

Dost Thou, Jesu, condescend
 To be called the sinner's friend?
 Ours then it shall always be
 Thus to make our boast of Thee.—Amen.

New Year.

20. WINCHESTER.

C. E. WILLING.



THE year is gone beyond recall,
With all its hopes and fears,
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
With all its mourners' tears;

Thy thankful people praise Thee, Lord,
For countless gifts received,
And pray for grace to keep the faith
Which saints of old believed.

To Thee we come, O gracious Lord,
The new-born year to bless;
Defend our land from pestilence,
Give peace and plenteousness;

Forgive this nation's many sins,
The growth of vice restrain,
And help us all with sin to strive,
And crowns of life to gain.

From evil deeds that stain the past
We now desire to flee;
And pray that future years may all
Be spent, good Lord, for Thee.

O Father, let Thy watchful eye
Still look on us in love,
That we may praise Thee, year by year,
As angels do above.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.—Amen.

New Year.

21. LINCOLN.

C. E. WILLING.



AND now, my soul, another year
Of this short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

Awake my soul, with solemn care
Thy true condition learn ; [fair ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how
And what thy chief concern.

With better thoughts the year begin ;
Raise all thy hopes to heaven ;
And strive, and pray, that all thy sin
Through Christ may be forgiven.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on His grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.—Amen.

22. JERUSALEM.

New Year.

FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep :
 For very love beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
For thee, &c.

O one, O only Mansion !
 O Paradise of Joy !
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy ;
 The Lamb is all thy splendour ;
 The Crucified thy praise ;
 His laud and benediction
 Thy ransomed people raise.
For thee, &c.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
 The sardis and the topaz
 Unite in Thee their rays ;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced ;
 The saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.
 For thee, &c.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean.
 Thou hast no time, bright day !
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away !
 Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.
 For thee, &c.

The Ending.

O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect ! O

sweet and bless - ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect ! Je -

- su, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest ; . . Who

art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spi - rit, ev - er blest . . A - men.

29

23. EDOM.

New Year.

C. E. WILLING.



FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
 Constant through another year,
 Hear our song of thankfulness;
 Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
 Rock of strength, be Thou our stay,
 In the pathless wilderness
 Be our true and living way.

Whosoe'er death's awful road
 In the coming year shall tread,
 With Thy rod and staff, O God,
 Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Make us faithful, make us pure,
 Keep us evermore Thine own,
 Help Thy servants to endure,
 Fit us for the promised crown.

So within thy palace gate
 We shall praise, on golden strings,
 Thee, the only Potentate,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.—Amen.

Epiphany.

24. SYRIA.

C. E. WILLING.



WHAT star is this, with beams so
bright,
More beauteous than the noonday light?
It shines to herald forth the King,
And Gentiles to His cradle bring.

See now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"
And eastern sages with amaze
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

The guiding star above is bright,
Within them shines a clearer light,
Which leads them on with power benign
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay;
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:
Home, kindred, father-land, and all
They leave at their Creator's call.

O Jesu! while the star of grace
Allures us now to seek Thy face,
Let not our slothful hearts refuse
The guidance of that light to use,

All glory, Jesu, be to Thee
For this Thy glad Epiphany;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Amen

Epiphany.

25. BARUCH.

C. E. WILLING.



EARTH has many a noble city ;
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel ;
Out of thee the Lord from heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its God announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare ;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning :
Incense doth their God disclose,
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

Jesu, whom the Gentiles worshipped
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with God the Father,
And the Spirit, glory be.—Amen.

Epiphany.

26. JUDEA.

C. E. WILLING.



WHY, Herod, impious tyrant! fear
That Christ, thy Maker, should
appear!

He need dethrone no earthly foe
Who can celestial crowns bestow.

Led by the star's prophetic ray
The Magi hasten on their way;
To light by light direct their feet,
Their God with godlike offerings greet.

The limpid depths of Jordan's wave
That heavenly Lamb with reverence
lave;

Where sins, not His, from us to-day
That cleansing laver washed away.

In wondrous modes His power is shewn;
His might the blushing waters own,
And change, at His command out-
poured,

Their nature, to obey their Lord!

All glory, Lord! to Thee be given,
Revealed this day to earth from heaven!
Like glory to the Father be,
And Holy Ghost eternally!—Amen.

B

Epiphany.

27. DUNDEE.



THE race that long in darkness walked
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

To hail Thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

For unto us a Child is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The Great and Mighty Lord.—Amen..

Epiphany.

28. GERMAN HYMN.

PLEYEL.



SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewildered nature right.

Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there.

There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light upon your eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

Sing, ye morning stars, again
God descends on earth to reign!
Deigns for man His life to employ,
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

Glory to the heavenly King,
Glory all ye angels sing,
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blessed Spirit, Three in One.

Amen.

Epiphany.

29. TALLIS.



O THOU who by a star didst guide
The wise men on their way,
Until it came and stood beside
The place where Jesus lay ;

Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below ;
Thy Holy Spirit, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

As yet we know Thee but in part,
But still we trust Thy word,
That "blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the Lord."

O Saviour, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart,
That we may see Thee face to face
Hereafter as Thou art.

Praise, honour, to the Father be,
Praise to His only Son ;
Praise to the Spirit Paraclete,
While ceaseless ages run.—Amen.

Epiphany.

30. BEAUMONT.

C. E. WILLING.



BRIGHT was the guiding star that
led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to His abode: [night,
It shines through sin and sorrow's
To guide us to our God.

O haste, to follow where it leads;
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way!

O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

Amen.

Epiphany.

31. BETHLEHEM.

C. E. WILLING.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in C major and common time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system has a repeat sign at the end. The second system has a repeat sign at the end. The third system has a repeat sign at the end. The fourth system ends with a double bar line and the word "Amen." written above the staff.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go!
From hill to vale the fountains
Of righteousness o'erflow.

Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blessed;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove:
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless Name of love.

Amen.

Epiphany.

32. SANDERSTEAD.

C. E. WILLING.



THAN mightiest cities mightier far
 Thou, Bethlehem, with thy crown-
 ing star,
 Whose chosen lap received from heaven
 The incarnate Lord, for sinners given ;

Star, whose bright glories far outrun
 The radiant axle of the sun,
 Heaven's herald, sent on earth to tell
 That God made flesh on earth doth
 dwell.

Soon as the kings their King behold,
 Their eastern gifts they straight
 unfold,
 And prostrate all His throne before,
 With incense, gold, and myrrh adore.

Pure incense for their God they
 bring,
 With royal gold salute their King,
 With spices rare, and fragrant myrrh,
 They shadow forth His sepulchre.

Jesus, be Thou for ever bless'd,
 Who to the Gentiles manifest,
 With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
 Art God while endless ages run.—Amen.

Septuagesima.

33. NORWICH.

C. E. WILLING.



O CHRIST! in Thine all-blissful
state
Thou hast no need of things create;
Yet in Thy secret counsels weighed
By Thee were earth's foundations laid.

What was not, Thou didst will to be;
And Nature's realms came forth to
In one vast unison to raise [Thee,
To their Creator hymns of praise.

But while the earth, in all things good,
Before Thee clothed in beauty stood,
Thou didst, *Artificer Divine!*
Another nobler world design.

The Saviour doth its fabric frame,
Built on His Grace and mighty Name,
And Word, which evermore to stand,
Fills every nation, every land.

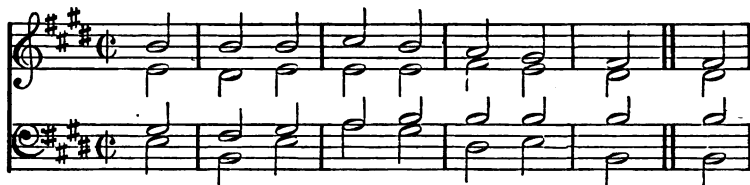
This world shall He when time is past
Exalt to heaven; and made at last
The consort of His throne and board,
Present, His spouse elect, to God.

O'er both these worlds 'Thou dost pre-
side
O Father! both preserve and guide;
To both, O Son! Thy grace supply,
And both, O Spirit! sanctify.—Amen.

Septuagesima.

34. MORPETH.

C. E. WILLING.



O YE! ere Christ had sojourned here,
His faithful friends and followers
dear,
Who with the saints in glory share,
Forefathers of believers were!

O how may fitly be expressed
The burning faith which ye possessed!
How reckoned all the longing sighs
Of hope, ye wafted to the skies!

As pilgrims, strangers upon earth,
Ye deemed its pomps of little worth;
The spirit not the letter sought,
And on the promised bliss ye thought.

On God alone your hearts intent,
Were on the eternal mansions bent!
O Christ! may we with all their
love!
Seek our true heritage above!

Praise we the Father and the Son;
To Thee who linkest Both in One,
Equal with Both, like praises be
O Spirit! everlastingly.—Amen.

Before Lent.

35. ST. BLAISE.



A LLELUIA, sweetest measure,
 Voice of everlasting praise;
 Alleluia! blithest carol,
 Which celestial choirs upraise,
 In God's holy mansion dwelling,
 This the burden of their lays.

Alleluia, joyful Mother,
 Thou Jerusalem dost sing;
 'Mongst thy citizens rejoicing
 Alleluia e'er will ring:
 We by Babylon's sad rivers
 Mournful exiles wandering.

Alleluia is but transient
 In our present earthly state;
 Alleluia, our transgressions
 Force us for a while to wait:
 Now the solemn time approaches
 On our sins to meditate.

Therefore praising still we pray Thee,
 Ever blessed Trinity,
 That we see a joyful Easter
 In our home with Thee on high,
 Alleluias never ceasing,
 There to sing eternally.—Amen.

Before Lent.

36. HAYLING. (2ND TUNE.)

C. E. WILLING.



A LLELUIA, sweetest measure,
Voice of everlasting praise;
Alleluia! blithest carol,
Which celestial choirs upraise,
In God's holy mansion dwelling,
This the burden of their lays.

Alleluia, joyful Mother,
Thou Jerusalem dost sing;
'Mongst thy citizens rejoicing
Alleluia e'er will ring:
*We by Babylon's sad rivers
Mournful exiles wandering.*

Alleluia is but transient
In our present earthly state;
Alleluia, our transgressions
Force us for awhile to wait:
Now the solemn time approaches
On our sins to meditate.

Therefore praising, still we pray The
Ever blessed Trinity,
That we see a joyful Easter
In our home with Thee on high.
Alleluias never ceasing,
There to sing eternally.—Amen.

Cent.

37. ST. ALPHEGE.

C. E. WILLING.



NOW with the slow revolving year,
Again the Fast we greet,
Which in its mystic circle moves,
Of forty days complete.

That Fast, by Law and Prophets taught,
By Jesus Christ restored,
JESUS, of seasons and of times
The Maker and the LORD.

Henceforth more sparing let us be
Of food, of words, of sleep;
Henceforth beneath a stricter guard
The roving senses keep.

And let us shun whatever things
Distract the careless heart;
And let us shut the soul against
The tyrant tempter's art;

And weep before the Judge, and strive
His vengeance to appease;
Saying to Him with contrite voice,
Upon our bended knees:

"Much have we sinned, O Lord! and
We sin each day we live; [still
Yet pour Thy pity from on high,
And of Thy grace forgive.

"Remember that we still are Thine,
Though of a fallen frame,
And take not from us in Thy wrath
The glory of Thy Name.

"Undo past evil; grant us, LORD,
More grace to do aright;
So may we now and ever find
Acceptance in Thy sight."

Blest Trinity in Unity!
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,
To gather from these fasts below
Immortal fruit above.—Amen.

Lent.

38. ST. BERNARD.

C. E. WILLING.



THE darkness fleets, and joyful earth
 Welcomes the new-born day;
 Jesu! true Sun of human souls,
 Shed in our souls Thy ray.

That fountain, whence our sins have
 Shall soon in tears distil, [flowed,
 If but Thy penitential grace
 Subdue the stubborn will.

Thou, Who dost give the accepted time,
 Give tears to purify,
 Give flames of love to burn our hearts
 As victims unto Thee.

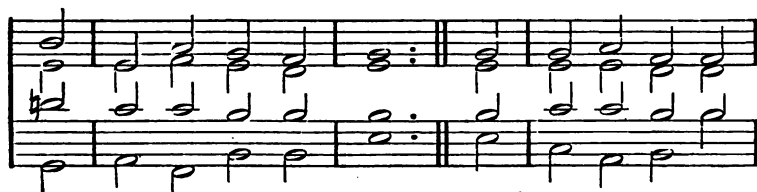
Eternal Trinity, to Thee
 Let earth's vast fabric bend;
 While evermore from souls renewed,
 New hymns of praise ascend.

Amen.

Lent.

39. ST. CRISPIN.

C. E. WILLING.



OUR solemn Lenten fast draws nigh,
Which to repentance calls;
And priest and people join their cry
Within the Temple's walls.

Yet sinner, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer,
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

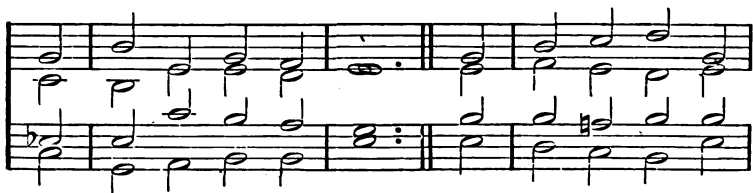
To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee;
Thy secret soul He bids thee bend
In true humility.

O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to Him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

O righteous Judge, if Thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.—Amen.

Lent.

40. ST. MARY.



O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,
Who lie in woeful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before Thy mercy-gate ;

A gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their sin :
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.

And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourned here :
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask ;
This is my humble prayer ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
O let Thy mercy spare.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.—Amen.

Lent.

41. GETHSEMANE.

C. E. WILLING.



GO to dark Gethsemane.

Ye that feel the tempter's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,

Watch with Him one bitter hour :
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,

View the Lord of Life arraigned ;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall !

Oh, the pangs His soul sustained :
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;

There adoring at His feet,

Mark that miracle of time,

God's own sacrifice complete ;

" *It is finish'd !* " hear Him cry,

Learn of Jesus Christ to die. — Amen.

Cent.

42. ST. NINIAN.

C. E. WILLING.



O HELP us, Lord; each hour of
need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, in word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
'The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesu, from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die
As Thine in heaven to be.

Amen.

Cent.

43. WINDSOR.

KIRBY.



A - men.

LORD, when we bend before Thy
throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirit pitying see,
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness
still,
That grants it or denies.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.—Amen.

Lent.

44. ST. ETHELDREDA.

C. E. WILLING.



HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As Thou wert ever kind;
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin:
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

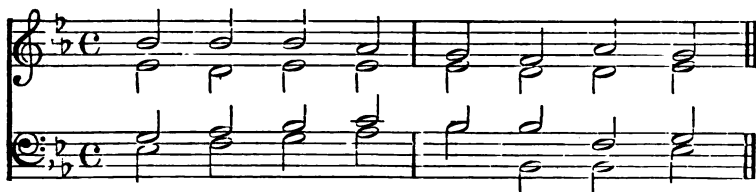
The joy Thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And Thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.—Amen.

Pent.

45. CONTEMPLATION.

C. E. WILLING.



SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

Here I rest, for ever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of Blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,
Low before His cross to lie,
Whilst I see divine compassion
Beaming in His languid Eye.

LORD, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thine unveiled glory see.

Amen.

Lent.

46. ATONEMENT.

Men

The musical score is written for a men's choir, consisting of four systems of two staves each. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Lent.' (Lento). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, bar lines, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The second system continues the melody and harmony. The third system shows a change in the bass line with a key signature change to D minor (two flats). The fourth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The score is partially obscured by a large black mark on the right side.

With crown of thorns surrounded ;
Look on His sacred Hands and Feet
Which piercing nails have wounded ;
See every Limb with scourges torn ;
Oh Him the Just, the Innocent,
What wiles hath abandoned !

To see those Limbs now marked,
But friends we are forsaking ;
And more than all, for thankless men
That tender Heart is asking ;
Oh awful was the pain and scorn
By Jews, Sin of Mary, borne,
Their pace for sinners marking.

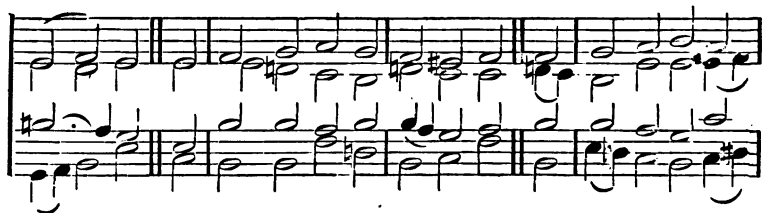
Now ever know such pain before,
Such infinite affliction ;
Now ever felt a grief like this
In that dread crucifixion—
For as He bore those bitter thorns,
For as those agonizing wounds
In all-merciful instruction.

Lord, give us grace to bear those thorns,
And suffer's woes remembering,
And from those crucifixions, borne,
For evil men forgiving.
Yes, we thank Thee, most merciful,
To rest our souls on Thee, sweet,
Thy heavenly glory shining.

Lent.

46. ATONEMENT.

MEDELSSOHN.



O SINNER, lift the eye of faith,
To true repentance turning ;
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,
Its awful guilt discerning ;
Upon the Crucified One look,
And thou shalt read, as in a book,
What well is worth thy learning.

Look on his Head, that bleeding Head,
With crown of thorns surrounded ;
Look on His sacred Hands and Feet
Which piercing nails have wounded :
See every Limb with scourges rent :
On Him, the Just, the Innocent,
What malice hath abounded !

'Tis not alone those Limbs are racked,
But friends too are forsaking ;
And more than all, for thankless man
That tender Heart is aching ;
Oh, fearful was the pain and scorn
By Jesus, Son of Mary, borne,
Their peace for sinners making.

None ever knew such pain before,
Such infinite affliction ;
None ever felt a grief like His
In that dread crucifixion :
For us He bare those bitter throes,
For us those agonizing woes
In oft-renewed infliction.

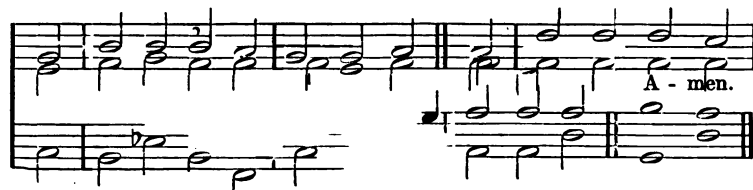
Lord, give us grace to flee from sin,
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,
And from those everlasting flames
For evil ones preparing.
Jesu, we thank Thee, and entreat
To rest for ever at Thy Feet,
Thy heavenly glory sharing.

Amen.

Pent.

47. ST. LAURENCE.

C. E. WILLING.



BEHOLD! the accepted time appear;
The medicine for our sins is here,
By which in heart and work and word,
We have offended Thee our God.

Before Him now with flowing tear,
With fast and penitential prayer
We fall, and works of mercy meet
Devoutly offer at His feet.

How kind, and merciful, His care,
Who hath till now vouchsafed to spare;
Nor would, that lost and unforgiven,
We should from Him in guilt be driven.

So may He purge us from all ill,
So with adorning virtues fill,
And with the angel host unite,
For ever in the realms of light.

All blessing, Father! unto Thee!
Like blessing, only Son! to Thee,
And to the Spirit, Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite!—Amen.

Lent.

48. ST. AGATHA.

C. E. WILLING.



IN solemn course, as holy lore
Prescribes, we keep the fast once
more ;
The ten days, noted order meet,
Four times in mystic round complete.

The Law and Prophets first made
known
This rule to earth in ages gone,
Which Christ, the Framers and the Guide
Of times and seasons, sanctified.

Now use we in abstemious mood
Discourse and drink and earthly food ;
Curtail superfluous mirth and sleep,
Strive close and holy watch to keep ;

Far chase all evil thoughts away
Which erring hearts to sin betray ;
No place for Satan, tyrant foe,
To spread his crafty wiles allow.

Speak we in reverent awe to Heaven,
Each cry aloud to be forgiven ;
And so to appease His vengeful wrath
Our tears before the Judge pour forth.

How oft the sins we should amend
Thy loving mercy, Lord ! offend ;
Pour on us, from Thy throne above,
The riches of Thy pardoning love.

Behold ! we here before Thee stand,
Frail creatures of Thy forming hand ;
O give not to a stranger's claim,
The honour of Thy glorious Name !

The slavish bands of sin release,
And all the good we ask increase,
So us unto Thyself restore,
To please Thee here and evermore.

Amen.

Lent.

49. LITANY.

C. E. WILLING.

p

cres. *p* *>*

cres. *p* *>*

più for.

più for.

p cres. *f* *p* *>* *p*

poco rall. *A - men.*

p cres. *f* *p* *>* *p*

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;

Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy Throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years ;
By Thy life of want and tears ;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness ;

By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesu, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By the gracious tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode ;

By the mournful word that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold ;
Jesu, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of whelming fear ;
By Thine agony, and prayer ;
By the purple robe of scorn ;
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn ;

By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries ;
By Thy perfect sacrifice :
Jesu, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan ;
By the sealed sepulchral stone ;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave ;
By Thy power from death to save ;

Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy Throne in Heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry ;
Hear our solemn litany.—Amen.

Lent.

50. CHANT.

C. E. WIL

O merciful Cre - a - tor, hear ; To us in pi - ty bow Thine

Accept the tearful pray'r we raise, In this our fast of for - ty days. A -

Each heart is manifest to Thee ;
 Thou knowest our infirmity :
 Repentant now we seek Thy Face ;
 Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.

Our sins are manifold and sore,
 But spare Thou them who sin deplorably ;
 And for Thine own Name's sake make whole
 The fainting and the weary soul.

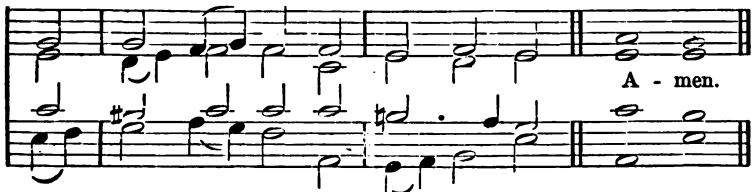
Grant us to mortify each sense
 By means of outward abstinence,
 That so from every stain of sin
 The soul may keep her fast within.

Blest Three in One and One in Three,
 Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
 That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
 Our fast with fruits of righteousness.— Amen.

Lent.

51. CALVARY.

MENDELSSOHN.



WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

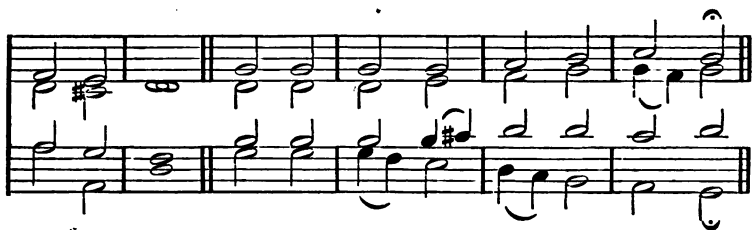
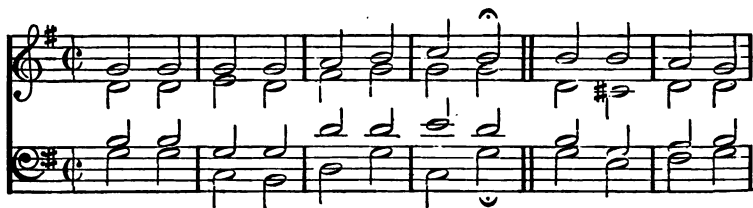
See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

To God the Father, glory be,
And to His sole-begotten Son;
The same, O Holy Ghost! to Thee,
While everlasting ages run.—Amen.

Pent.

52. TANTUM ERGO.



Lent.

NOW, my soul, thy voice upraising,
Tell in sweet and mournful strain
How the Crucified enduring
Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,
Freely of His love was offered,
Sinless was for sinners slain.

Scourged with unrelenting fury
For the sins which we deplore,
By His livid Stripes He heals us,
Raising us to fall no more :
All our bruises gently soothing,
Binding up the bleeding sore.

See ! His Hands and Feet are fastened ;
So He makes His people free :
Not a wound whence Blood is flowing
But a Fount of Grace shall be ;
Yea, the very nails which nail Him
Nail us also to the Tree.

Through His Heart the spear is piercing,
Though His foes have seen Him die ;
Blood and Water thence are streaming
In a tide of mystery ;
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,
Blood to win us crowns on high.

Jesu, may those precious Fountains
Drink to thirsting souls afford :
Let them be our Cup and Healing,
And at length our full Reward ;
So a ransomed world shall ever
Praise Thee, its Redeeming Lord.—Amen.

Lent.

53. MAGDALENE.



LO! the Mother standeth fearful
By the Cross, forlorn and tearful,
Where her dying Offspring hung;
And the piercing sword, deep driven,
Hath, aghast and sorrow-riven,
All her soul with anguish wrung.

O how sad and sore distressed
Was that Mother ever-blessed
Of the sole-begotten One!
How she grieved, so bereaved,
When she all the pangs perceived
Of her meek and Royal Son!

For His people's sins in anguish,
She beheld her Jesus languish,
And His limbs the scourges tear:
Her sweet Son from judgment taken,
Dying, and of all forsaken,
Yield to God His Spirit there.

Deeply in my heart indented
Be the stripes which then tormented
Him, thy Holy Crucified;
All the wounds thy Child which
covered,
And the pains for me He suffered,
Let my heart with thee divide!

May the guardian Cross direct me,
And the Death of Christ protect me,
And His nurturing grace control:
So when flesh in death shall perish,
He with glory decked shall cherish
In His Paradise my soul.—Amen

Lent.

54. MELCOMBE.

WEBBE.



<p>O CHRIST! Thou art our Light! our Day! [away, Thy beams chase night's dark shades Who art Thyself the Very Light Thou sheddest, ever blest and bright!</p>	<p>Grant that our eyes due sleep may take, Our hearts to Thee for ever wake; May Thy right arm protect and guide Thy servants, who in Thee confide.</p>
---	---

<p>Most Holy Lord! we pray Thy power May shield us in the midnight hour: O give us calm repose in Thee! A quiet night from terrors free;</p>	<p>Look down, our Guardian! O repel The tempter, and his malice quell; Instruct Thy people in all good, The purchase of Thy precious Blood.</p>
---	--

<p>May deadly slumber ne'er oppress, No secret foe our souls distress; Nor Satan's wiles the flesh allure, And make us in Thy sight impure.</p>	<p>Remember, I, Lord! our griefs, we pray, Pent in this cumbering corse of clay; Thou! Who dost e'er our souls defend, Be with us our Eternal Friend!</p>
--	--

To God the Father glory be!
 Like glory, only Son! to Thee!
 And to the Spirit, Paraclete,
 Now and for ever as is meet!—Amen.

Lent.

55. PLUMSTEAD.

C. E. WILL



NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.—Amen.

Cent.

56. LEIPSIC.



SION'S Daughter, weep no more,
 Though thy troubled heart be sore;
 He of Whom the Psalmist sung,
 He Who woke the Prophet's tongue,
 Christ, the Mediator blest,
 Brings thee everlasting rest.

In a garden man became
 Heir of sin, and death, and shame;
 Jesus in a garden wins
 Life, and pardon for our sins;
 Through His hour of agony
 Praying in Gethsemane.

There for us He intercedes;
 There with God the Father pleads;
 Willing there for us to drain
 To the dregs the cup of pain,
 That in everlasting Day
 He may wipe our tears away.

Therefore to His Name be given
 Glory both in earth and heaven;
 To the Father, and the Son,
 And the Spirit, Three in One,
 Honour, praise and glory be,
 Now and through eternity.—Amen.

The Sunday next before Easter.

57. HOSANNA.

C. E. WILLING.

ff Maestoso.

Ride on! ride on in ma - jes-ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho -

- san-na cry; O Saviour meek, pur-sue Thy road, With palms and scattered

garments strewed. Ride on! ride on in ma-jes-ty! In low-ly pomp, ride

on to die: O Christ, Thy triumphs now be-gin O'er captive death and

Cant.

ff

con - quered sin. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! The

pp

an - gel ar - mies of the sky Look down with sad and wondering eyes To

f

see th' ap - proach - ing sa - cri - fice. Ride on! ride on in

ff *mf*

ma - jes - ty! The last and fierc - est strife is nigh: The

Cant.

Fa-ther on His sapphire Throne A-waits His own a - noint-ed Son.

ff Ride on! ride on in ma - jes-ty! In low-ly pomp, ride

pp on to die: Bow Thy meek Head to mor - tal pain,

ff Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign. A - men.

The Sunday next before Easter.

58. PRAISE.

C. E. WILLING.

Allegro Maestoso.

ff

All glo - ry, laud, and ho - nour To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!

ff

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in common time (C). The music is marked *ff* (fortissimo). The lyrics are written below the staves.

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring.

This system contains the next two staves of music. The lyrics are written below the staves.

All glo - ry, laud, and ho - nour To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!

This system contains the next two staves of music. The lyrics are written below the staves.

mf

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring. Thou

mf

This system contains the final two staves of music. The lyrics are written below the staves. The music ends with a double bar line. The page number 71 is at the bottom right.

Lent.

art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's Roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's Name com - est, The King and Bless - ed One.

ff
All glo - ry, laud, and ho - nour To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!

mf
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring. The

Cent.

com - pa - ny of An - gels Are prais - ing Thee on high,

And mor - tal men, and all things Cre - a - ted make re - ply.

Ped.

ff

All glo - ry, laud, and ho - nour, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King!

ff

p

To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring. The

p

Cant.

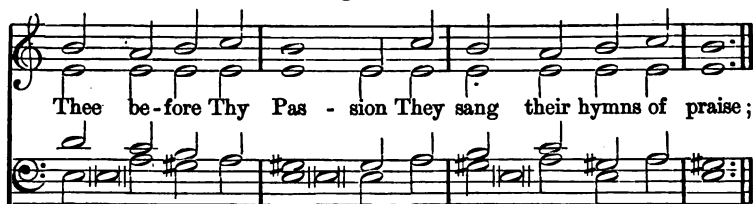
peo - ple of the He-brews With palms be - fore Thee went;

Our praise and prayer and anthems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.

f
All glo - ry, laud, and ho-nour To Thee, Re-deem-er, King!
f

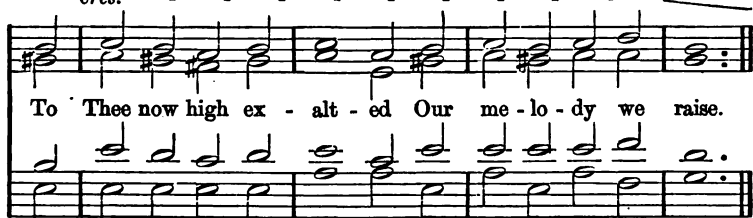
To Whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet Ho-san-nas ring. To
p

Cent.

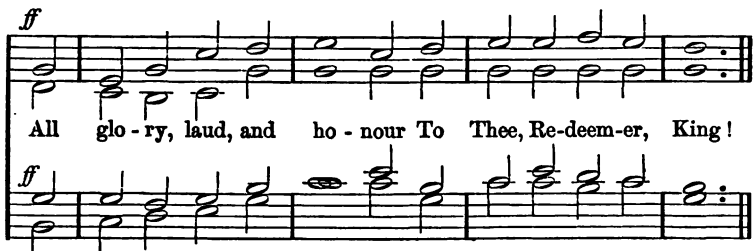


Ped. *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

cres.



ff



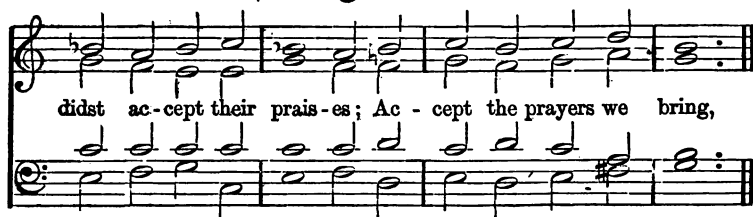
ff

mf

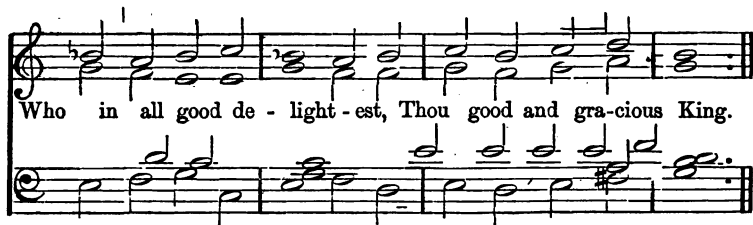


mf

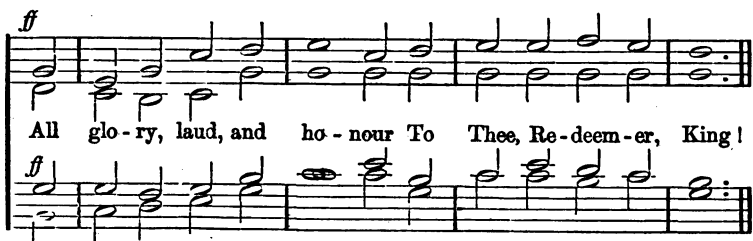
Lent.



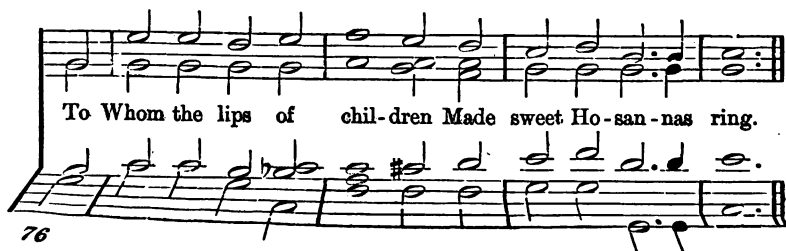
didst ac-cept their prais-es; Ac-cept the prayers we bring,



Who in all good de-light-est, Thou good and gra-cious King.



f
All glo-ry, laud, and ho-nour To Thee, Re-deem-er, King!



To Whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet Ho-san-nas ring.

Easter.

59. ST. LAMBERT.



Al - le - lu - jah. A-men.

JESUS lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;
Jesus lives! by this we know
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of Life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! for us He died:
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

Jesus lives! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given:
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.
Alleluia!—Amen.

Easter.

60: EASTER HYMN.

Dr. WORGAN.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music features various note values including quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. There are several measures with repeat signs (double bar lines with dots) and some measures with a 3/2 time signature change. The score is printed in black ink on a white background.

Easter.



A - men.

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day.
Our triumphant holy day ;
Who did once upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !

Hymns of praise then let us sing !
Unto Christ our heavenly King :
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !

But the pain which He endured
Our salvation hath procured ;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing

Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !
Hallelujah !

Amen.

Easter.

61. ST. FAITH.

C. E. WILLING.



"CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day."

Sons of Men and Angels say ;
Raise your songs of triumph high ;
Sing, ye heavens ; thou earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! the Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! He sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids His rise ;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

80

Lives again our glorious King !
Where O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O Grave ?

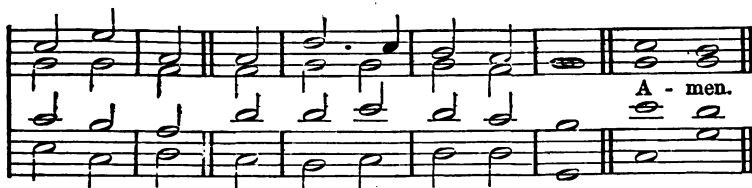
Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Glory to the Father, Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
As it was, is now, shall be,
In His own eternity.—Amen.

Easter.

62. BRAMPTON.

C. E. WILLING.



SINCE Christ, our passover, is slain,
A sacrifice for all.

Let all with thankful hearts agree
To keep the festival:

Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

Christ being raised by power divine,
And rescued from the grave.
Shall die no more; death shall on Him
No more dominion have.

For that He died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die;
But that He lives, He lives to God
For all eternity.

So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made henceforth alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

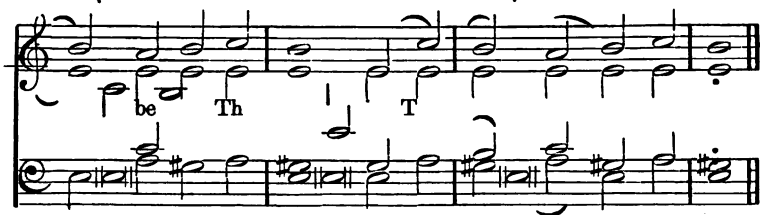
Easter.

63. O FILII ET FILIÆ.

mf



mf



be Th T

f CHORUS.



Al - - - le - - - jah, Al - le - lu - jah, Al -



- le - lu - jah. Al - - - le - lu - - jah. A - men.

Easter.

CHILDREN of men ! rejoice and sing !
The King of Heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death, to-day, rose triumphing ! Alleluya !

'Twas dawn, and scarce the sabbath o'er,
When to the tomb and rock-hewn door
The sad disciples came once more. Alleluya !

For Magdalene, with loving care,
And Mary and Salome there,
To anoint the Holy Corse prepare. Alleluya !

An Angel robed in white they see,
Who sate and spake unto the three,
"The Lord He is in Galilee." Alleluya !

Now tow'rd the grave is Peter gone ;
More quickly ran the Apostle John,
First to the tomb he hasted on. Alleluya !

That night the brethren met in fear,
But Christ doth in the midst appear—
"My peace," He said, "be on all here." Alleluya !

Then they to Didymus explain
How Jesus Christ had risen again,
But doubtful he doth still remain. Alleluya !

"Behold My Side, O Thomas ! see
My Hands, My Feet I shew to thee,
Nor faithless but believing be." Alleluya !

When Thomas, Christ indeed descried,
His Hands, His Feet, His wounded Side,
"Thou art my Lord and God," he cried. Alleluya !

Blest they whose eyes do not perceive,
Yet in Him stedfastly believe ;
Immortal life they shall achieve. Alleluya !

In this most Holy Feast, adored
With joyful praise in glad accord
Bless we for ever Christ the Lord ! Alleluya !

And now devoutly at His feet
For these His mercies, as is meet,
To God our heartfelt thanks repeat. Alleluya !—Amen.

Easter.

64. DUNDEE.



YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn,
In strains of holy joy!

How Judah's Lion burst His chains,
And crushed the Serpent's head,
And brought with Him, from death's
domains
The long-imprisoned dead.

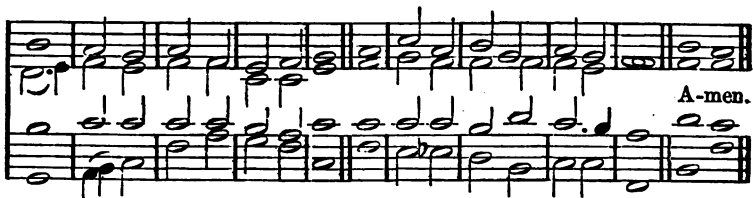
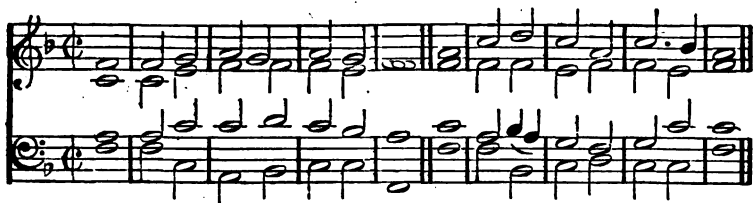
From hell's devouring jaws the prey
Alone our Leader bore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way,
Where He hath gone before.

Triumphant in His glory now,
His sceptre ruleth all;
Earth, heaven, and hell before Him
bow,
And at His footstool fall.

While joyful thus His praise we sing,
His mercy we implore,
Into His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.—Amen.

Easter.

65. ST. THOMAS.



AT this high feast the Lamb hath made,
In shining robes of white arrayed,
The passage of the Red Sea o'er,
To Christ our Prince we sing once more.

For Christ, the Lamb without a stain,
To be our Sacrifice is slain;
And very truth's unleavened bread
His Flesh, is our oblation made.

Whose sacred Body was for us,
Broken on the Altar of the Cross;
And tasting of His roseate Blood
We live for evermore in God;

O true, O worthy Sacrifice!
The infernal host defeated flies,
Thy captive people are set free,
Life's blessing all restored by Thee!

Saved on this wondrous Paschal night
From the destroying Angel's might;
And rescued, a rejoicing prey,
From ruthless Pharaoh's tyrant sway.

For Christ, arising from the tomb,
From hell's abyss hath victor come;
Abased in chains the tyrant holds,
The gates of Paradise unfolds:

All glory, gracious Lord! to Thee,
Who rose from death triumphant, be!
The Father and the Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last!—Amen.

Easter.

66. ST. MARTIN.

C. E. WILLING.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in C major and common time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system has two measures. The second system has two measures. The third system has two measures. The fourth system has two measures, with the word "A-men." written above the final measure. The music is a simple, homophonic setting with a melody in the treble and a supporting bass line.

Easter.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His pierced side.
Praise we Him, Whose love divine,
Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

Where the Paschal blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword ;
Israel's host triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light ;
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthal ;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy ;
From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise ;
Holy Father, praise to Thee.
With the Spirit, ever be.

Amen.

Easter.

67. ST. JUDE.

C. E. WILLING.

f

Al-le - lu - jah! Al-le - lu - jah! Al-le - lu - - - jah!

f

f

Al - - le - lu - - - jah! A - men.

Easter.

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung.

Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed,
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.

Alleluia!

On that third morn He rose again
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.

Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell.

Alleluia!

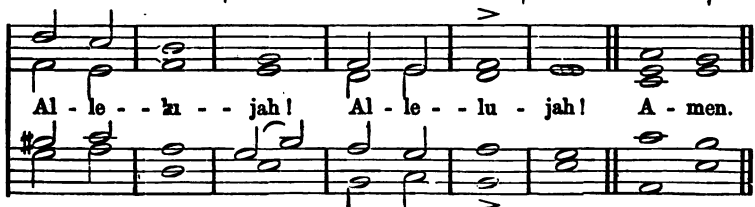
Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free.
That we may live, and sing to Thee.

Alleluia!

Easter.

68. ST. PHILIP.

C. E. WILLING.



SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout th' accomplish'd sacrifice!
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!
Alleluia!

Ye that round our altars throng,
Listening angels, join the song;
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!
Alleluia!

Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now th' atoning Son;
Heal'd and quicken'd by His Blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.
Alleluia!

Rogation Days.

69. BEDFORD.

WHEALE.



O THOU, who givest all their food,
Causing Thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good,
Earth's teeming stores are Thine.

Thy covenant to man secures
The harvest of his toil;
Thy faithful Word, while earth en-
dures,
With plenty clothes the soil.

The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
Alike Thy laws obey;
Each herb and blossom knows its time,
And feels the quickening ray.

Revolving seasons still proclaim
Thy all-sustaining Word:
Seed-time and harvest speak Thy
Name,
The promise-keeping Lord.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.—Amen.

Ascensiontide.

70. ST. THOMAS.



ETERNAL Monarch! Lord supreme!
 Who us Thy people to redeem,
 Didst vanquish hell, and death defeat;
 The triumph of Thy Grace complete;

Thou, mounting to Thy Father's
 Throne, [down;
 Hast there, at His right hand, sate
 Jesu! to Whom all power in heaven,
 By Thee on earth put off, is given!

*There all creation, threefold birth
 Of things celestial, things on earth,
 And things beneath, Thy Word obey,
 And bow beneath Thy sovereign sway.*

92

E'en gazing angels as they hear,
 Of man's estate exalted, fear;
 Flesh sinneth, flesh blots out the stain;
 And God, in flesh, a God doth reign!

Be Thou our only joy, O Lord!
 Who shalt be then our great re-
 ward;
 Henceforth may all our glorying be
 Through endless ages placed in Thee.

All glory. Christ! to Thee be given,
 Ascending o'er the stars of heaven:
 To Father and to Holy Ghost,
 Long as eternity shall last!—Amen.

Ascensiontide.

71. ST. ANNE.

CROFT.



THE eternal gates lift up their heads,
The doors are open'd wide,
The King of Glory is gone up
Unto his Father's side:

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,
Thou hast prepared a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
And let Thy grace be given,
That while we linger yet below
Our treasure be in heaven.

That, where thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.—Amen.

Ascensiontide.

72. ST. DAVID.



WE sing Thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne ;
Ten thousand blessings to Thy Name
Who worthy art alone :

Thy sacred, bruised body bore
Our sins upon the tree ;
And now Thou livest evermore ;
O may we live to Thee.

Ye sinners, sing the Lamb that died ;
(What theme can sound so sweet ?)
*His drooping head, His streaming side,
His pierced hands and feet :*

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With all that scene of suffering love
Which faith presents to view :
For now He reigns and lives above,
Yea, lives and reigns for you.

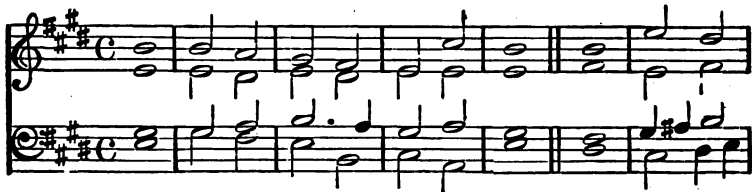
Was ever grace, Lord, rich as Thine,
Can aught so great be nam'd ?
What pow'ful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflam'd !

Ye angels, praise His glorious Name,
Who lov'd and conquer'd thus ;
And we will likewise laud the Lamb,
For He was slain for us.—Amen.

Ascensiontide.

73. MELCOMBE.

WEBBE.



ENTHRONED in Heaven, Thy man-
sions fair,
O Christ! for us Thou dost prepare;
And draw with gentlest cords of love
Thine exiles to their homes above.

There rich in blessings Thou, O Lord!
Shalt be our wondrous rich reward;
There for this brief and troublous state
Eternal joys the elect await!

With open face and ravished heart,
We then shall see Thee as Thou
art;
In ceaseless rapture on Thee gaze,
And ever all Thy goodness praise!

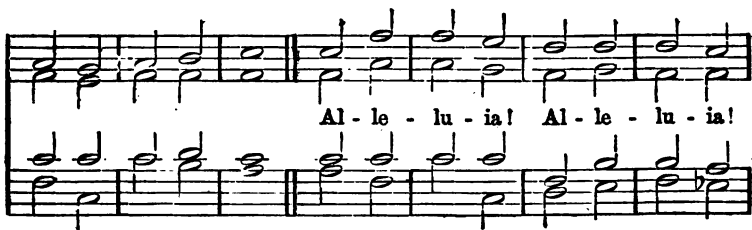
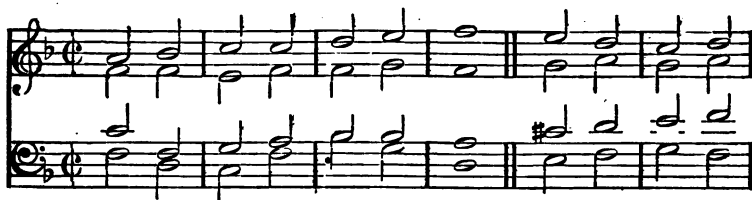
E'en now, O sure and steadfast Friend!
Thy gracious Spirit hither send,
Pledge of Salvation, from Thy Throne,
To adopt and make us all Thine own!

Jesu! Who Judge of Worlds shalt be,
All glory we ascribe to Thee;
Whom with the Father we adore,
And Holy Ghost for evermore!—Amen.

Ascensiontide.

74. ASCENSION.

C. E. WILLING.



Ascensiontide.

HAIL the day that sees him rise
To His Throne above the skies ;
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia! Amen.

There for Him high triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
He hath conquered death and sin,
Take the King of Glory in. Alleluia! Amen.

Lo, the heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still he calls Mankind His own. Alleluia! Amen.

See, He lifts his hand above ;
See, He shows the prints of love ;
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His Church below. Alleluia! Amen.

Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing death He pleads,
Near Himself prepares our place,
He the first-fruits of our race. Alleluia! Amen.

Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies. Alleluia! Amen.

Ascensiontide.

75. ST. BARTHOLOMEW.



THOU art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies ;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise :

But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppressed ;
Lord, send thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown ;

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And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be ;
But only let this path of tears
Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high ;
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.

Lord, by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
At Thy right hand on high.

Amen.

Whitsuntide.

76. PENTECOST.

C. E. WILLING.



WHEN God of old came down from
heaven,
In power and wrath he came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame :

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His Holy Dove.

The fires, that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep dark cloud ;

So when the Spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God ; It fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss th' accepted hour ;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.—Amen.

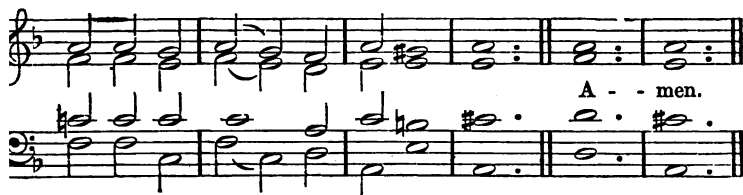
Whitsuntide.

77. VENI CREATOR.

PALESTRINA.



Whitsuntide.



COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart :
Thy blessed Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;

Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight :
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.

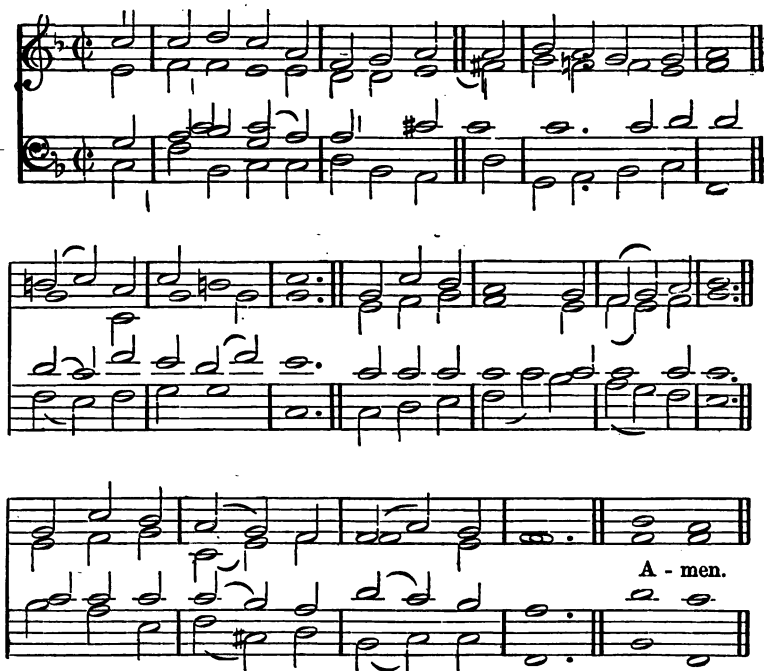
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Amen.

Whitsuntide.

78. PALESTINE.

C. E. WILLING.



SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thy influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

*In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.*

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

O Holy Father, Holy Son.
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy Name be praised for evermore.

Amen.

Trinity Sunday.

79. ST. MARK.

C. E. WILLING.



O GOD of life, whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy
shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, all-creating Lord,
Be Thou by every tongue implored,
Be Thou by every heart adored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying
pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care
Doth us for Heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

O Holy blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee ;
In heaven and earth exalted be.

Amen.

Trinity Sunday.

80. OLD 100TH.



ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful
voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know is God indeed :
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name
always,
For it is seemly so to do.

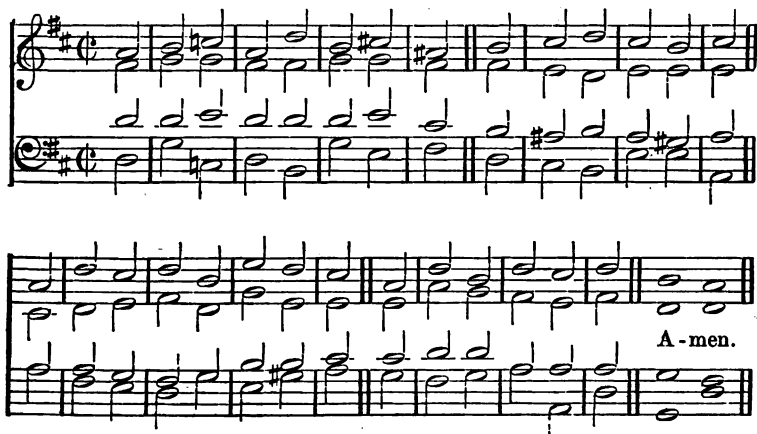
For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His Truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.—Amen.

Trinity Sunday.

81. DONCASTER.

C. E. WILLING.



A THOUSAND oracles divine
Their common beams unite;
That sinners may with angels join
To worship God aright!

To praise a Trinity adored
By all the hosts above;
And one thrice-holy God and Lord
Through endless ages love.

Triumphant host! they never cease
To laud and magnify
The Triune God of Holiness,
Whose glory fills the sky:

Whose glory to this earth extends,
When God himself imparts,
And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.

Amen.

Trinity Sunday.

82. OXFORD.

Dr. ROGERS.



ALL hail! adored Trinity!
All hail! eternal Unity,
The Father God! and God the Son,
And God, fair Spirit! ever One.

Behold to Thee this festal day
We utter forth a thankful lay,
For all Thy gifts of priceless worth,
The saving health of all the earth.

Thee, Triune! praise we evermore;
Thee the eternal One adore;
So Thy sweet mercy, ever kind,
May we our sure protection find.

O Trinity! O Unity!
Be with us as we worship Thee;
And to the angels' songs in light
Our prayers and praises now unite!
Amen.

Trinity Sunday.

83. TRINITY.

C. E. WILLING.

BLEST TRINITY, from mor-tal sight Veiled in Thine own e-ter-nal Light,

We Thee confess, in Thee be-lieve, To Thee with loving hearts we cleave. A-men.

O Father, thou most Hóly One !
O God of God, Etérnal Son !
O Holy Ghost, Thou Lóve dívine !
To join them Both is éver Thine.

The Father is in Gód the Son,
And with the Father Hé is One :
In Both the Spirit dóth abide,
And with them Both is glórfied.

Such as the Father, sích the Son,
And such the Spirit, Thrée in One :
The Three one perfect Véritý,
The Three one perfect Cháritý.

Eternal Father, Théé we praise ;
To Thee, O Son, our hýmns we raise ;
O Holy Ghost, we Théé adore ;
One mighty God, for évermore.—Amen.

General Hymns.

84. SMYRNA.

C. E. WILLING.



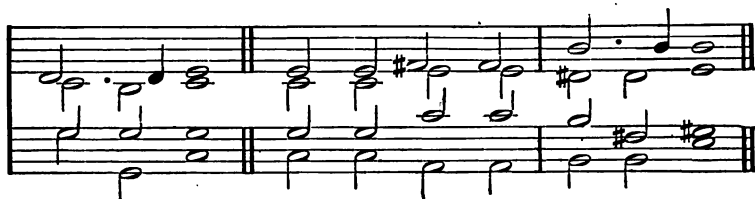
ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling :
Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save and Thou alone.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment Throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.—Amen.

General Hymns.

85. HOLY CROSS.



IN the Lord's atoning grief
Be our rest and sweet relief;
Store we deep in heart's recess
All the shame and bitterness.

Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,
Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
Vinegar, and gall, and reed,
And the pang His soul that freed.

May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate;
In our souls plant virtue's root,
There mature its glorious fruit.

Crucified! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore,
Us with saintly bands unite
In the realms of heavenly light.

Christ, by coward hands betrayed,
Christ, for us a captive made,
Christ upon the bitter tree
Slain for man, all praise to Thee.—Amen.

General Hymns.

86. PASSION.



General Hymns.

BEHOLD, my soul, thy Saviour
Pours out His life and blood,
Thee to restore to favour,
And reconcile to God :
His death thy guilt erases,
His stripes give thee relief ;
Rise then, and sing His praises
Who turns to joy thy grief.

I see Him in the garden
Shed floods of bitter tears,
Sinking beneath the burden ;
I hear His anxious prayers ;
I see Him pine and languish,
As on the ground He lay,
Till thro' His pores in anguish
The blood-sweat forced its way.

His back plough'd deep with furrow
His side pierc'd with a spear,
And unexampled sorrows,
His boundless love declare,
In this His bitter passion,
Till, dying on the tree,
He bore my condemnation,
And gain'd life for me.—Amen.

General Hymns.

87. SHERBORNE.

C. E. WILLING.



SHEPHERD of the ransomed flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock;
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the verdant pastures grow.

Give us grace that we may be
Always glad to follow Thee,
*And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear Thy loving voice.*

When Thy sheep in darkness stray
From the new and living way,
Seek them out from error's hold,
And restore them to the fold.

Blessing, honour, glory, praise,
Be, as in the ancient days,
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, ever one.—Amen.

General Hymns.

88. TE DEUM.

C. E. WILLING.



THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise Thy Name, with one
accord;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Cherub and Seraph, height o'er height,
The heav'ns, and all the powers of
light.

The Apostles join the glorious throng;
The Prophets swell th' immortal song;
The Martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

Thee, Holy, Holy, Holy King;
Thee, the Lord God of Hosts, they
sing;
Through earth below, and heav'n above,
Resound Thy glory and Thy love.

Amen.
113

General Hymns.

89. TRIUMPH.

C. E. WILLING.



HOSANNA to the living Lord!
 Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing!
 Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
 highest!

O Saviour! with protecting care,
 Return to this Thy house of prayer,
 Assembled in Thy sacred name,
 Where we Thy parting promise claim!
 Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
 highest!

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,
 Eternal! bid Thy spirit rest,
 And make our secret soul to be
 A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
 Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
 highest!

So, in the last and dreadful day,
 When earth and heaven shall melt
 away,
 Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,
 Shall swell the sound of praise again.
 Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the
 highest!—Amen.

General Hymns.

90. ST. PAUL.

Harmonised by MENDELSSOHN.



WHERE high the heavenly temple
stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A merciful high priest now pleads,
Our blest Redeemer intercedes.

Who once for us as surety stood,
And poured on earth His precious blood,
He, living evermore, above
Pursues His mighty work of love.

The same that suffered here below
Feels sympathy with human woe;
And still remembers, throned on high,
His tears, His prayers, His agony.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part:
Touched with the feeling of our grief,
He to the mourner sends relief.

With boldness then before the throne
Make we our sorrows ever known;
And supplicate for heavenly power
To help us in temptation's hour.

All glory, praise, and honour be,
As in the ages past, to Thee,
The Father, and coequal Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

Amen. 115

General Hymns.

91. S. JOHN.

C. E. WILLING.

A - men.

General Hymns.

FATHER, of heaven, all nature upholding,
Ruling the worlds by the word of Thy might,
Ever Thy children in pity enfolding,
Cast on Thy Church the bright beams of Thy light.

Son of the Highest, the perfect oblation
Made for our sins upon Calvary's tree,
Rising again for our justification,
Keep whom the Father has given to thee.

Spirit of wisdom, in unity blending
All who are chosen salvation to share,
Still in Thy beauty on Sion descending,
Daily each heart as Thy temple prepare.

God in three persons, in splendour abounding,
Dwelling in regions of infinite day,
Ages on ages, Thy presence surrounding,
Tribute of glory the ransomed shall pay.—Amen.

General Hymns.

92. WAREHAM.

W. KNAPP.

A - men.

General Hymns.

WHAT word so full of melody,
So rich in strains of holy cheer,
So deep in sacred harmony,
As Jesus, name to saints most dear ?

With pardon draw Thou near, good Lord,
When grief for sin afflicts the soul ;
The penitential tear regard,
And make the broken spirit whole.

Thou art the fount of clemency,
The spring of mercy's healing might ;
The Lord of grace and charity,
The giver of all true delight.

When Thou dost on the heart arise,
And o'er it shed Thy beams divine,
The world's deceitful glitter dies,
And heavenly glories round us shine.

Where'er our lot on earth be cast,
Be Thou, blest Saviour, at our side ;
Thy presence grant to us at last ;
And with us through the grave abide.

All power and wisdom, as is meet,
To Thee, O Father, Thee, O Son,
And Thee, O holy Paraclete ;
One God while endless ages run. —Amen.

General Hymns.

93. REFUGE

C. E. WILLING.



GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His holy will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord ; let feeble sight
To loving faith give way :
The brighter for the moonless night
Will shine the perfect day.

His purpose He in time will show,
Unfolding it each hour ;
The bud in form unloved may grow.
Yet lovely be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

All praise be to the glorious Three,
The one most holy Lord,
Whose Name for evermore shall be
In heaven and earth adored.—Amen.

General Hymns.

94. GERMAN HYMN.

PLEYEL.



CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God
In the path the fathers trod:
Blessed now are they, and ye
Soon their blessedness shall see.

Strength shall yours be as your day
Through the rough and rugged way:
He who ne'er His word shall break
Will not leave you, nor forsake.

Glory, praise and honour be
Lord, for evermore to Thee,
Father, and coequal Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One.

Amen.
121

General Hymns.

95. NANTWICH.

C. E. WILLING.



LORD of my life, Whose tender care
Hath led me on till now,
Here lowly at the hour of prayer
Before Thy throne I bow;
I bless Thy gracious hand, and pray
Forgiveness, for another day.

Oh! may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow!
To Thee and to Thy glory live—
Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

With prayer my humble praise I bring
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart Thy love to sing—
Lord, teach me how to pray:
*All that I have, I am, to Thee
I offer, through eternity.—Amen.*

General Hymns.

96. CONWAY.



HOW sweet the Name of Jesus
In a believer's ear! [sounds
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the weary soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death!—Amen.

General Hymns.

97. BETHLEHEM.

C. E. WILLING.



General Hymns.

WITH hearts in love abounding,
Prepare we now to sing
A lofty theme, resounding
Thy praise, Almighty King ;
Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
Redeem'd the human race ;
Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
Breathe words of truth and grace.

So reign, O God, in heaven,
Eternally the same ;
And endless praise be given
To Thy Almighty Name.
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,
Thy Church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought with gold.

And let each Gentile nation
Come gladly in her train,
To share Thy great salvation,
And join her grateful strain :
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string ;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransom'd world shall sing.
Amen.

General Hymns.

98. ABRIDGE.

ISAAC SMITH.



O H for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.—Amen.

General Hymns.

99. BOSTON.

C. E. WILLING.



O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

He speaks; and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

[dumb,
Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
And spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of Thy Name.—Amen.

General Hymns.

100. BEDFORD.

WHEALE.



O GOD of Abraham! by Whose hand,
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

Our vows, our prayers we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
*God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.*

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.—Amen.

General Hymns.

101. ENFIELD.

C. E. WILLING.



PUT thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Walk in His strength with faith and
So shall thy work be done. [hope,

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging Word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure ;
Though clouds and darkness hide His
The promised grace is sure. [path,

Through waves, and clouds, and
storms
His power will clear thy way :
Wait thou His time—the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.—Amen.

General Hymns.

102. ST. NINIAN

C. E. WILLING.

A - men.

O LORD! in all our trials here,
Whate'er those trials be,
Help us without one doubt or fear
To cast our care on Thee;

To look from earth to yon bright sky,
And there by faith behold
The glories hid from mortal eye,
To mortal ear untold!

And if contempt, reproach, or loss
We suffer for Thy Name,
Teach us to triumph in the cross,
To glory in the shame.—Amen.

General Hymns.

103. CARLISLE.

LOCKHART.



COME to Thy temple, Lord,
Thy waiting church to bless;
Let here Thy glory be adored,
Give here Thy Word success.

Our inmost hearts refine,
And for Thyself prepare: [vine,
Cast out all thoughts but thoughts di-
And reign triumphant there.

Thy servants, Lord, we are,
Baptized into Thy Name;
All hurtful things put from us far,
All works of sin and shame.

Come to Thy temple, Lord,
Thine own assembly bless;
That all may offer with accord
Offerings of righteousness.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise address'd.—Amen.

General Hymns.

104. GLUCK.

Melody by GLUCK.



MEET and right it is to praise
God, the Giver of all grace,
God, whose mercies are bestow'd
On the evil and the good;

He prevents His creatures' call,
Kind and merciful to all;
Makes His sun on sinners rise;
Showers His blessings from the skies.

Least of all Thy creatures, we
Daily Thy salvation see;
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led;

Through a wilderness of cares;
Through ten thousand thousand snares,
More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live!

Glory to the heavenly King,
Glory all ye angels sing,
Glory to the Father, Son,
And bless'd Spirit, Three in One.—Amen.

General Hymns.

105. CANTUAR.

C. E. WILLING.



WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ :
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.—Amen.

General Hymns.

105a. BERNARD.

C. E. WILLING.



HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone :
Walking in all His ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

The Church triumphant in Thy love,
Their mighty joys we know :
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And *we* in hymns below.

'Thee in Thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before Thy throne ;
We in the kingdom of Thy grace
The kingdoms are but one.

The holy to the holiest leads ;
From thence our spirits rise :
And he that in Thy statutes treads,
Shall meet Thee in the skies.

To God the Father glory be,
And to His only Son ;
The same, O Holy Ghost ! to Thee,
While ceaseless ages run.—Amen.

General Hymns.

106. FOUNTAIN'S ABBEY.

C. E. WILLING.



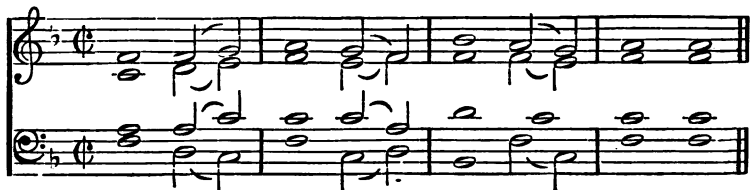
JESUS, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
In Whom we now believe,
As taught by Thee, in faith we pray,
Expecting to receive.

Thy will by us on earth be done,
As by the choirs above,
Who always see Thee on Thy throne,
And glory in Thy love.

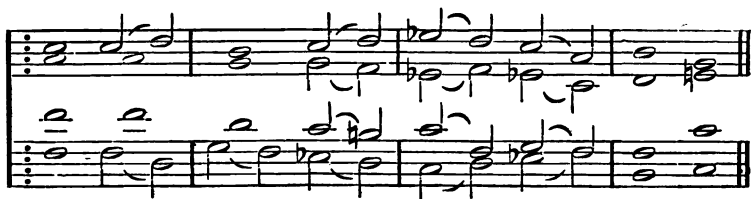
We ask in confidence the grace,
That we may do Thy will,
As angels, who behold Thy face,
And all Thy words fulfil.—Amen.

General Hymns.

107. SCARBOROUGH.



General Hymns.



PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him,
Praise Him, angels, in the height:
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name!
Amen.

General Hymns.

108. ZION.

("AVE VERUM."—MOZART.)

English words adapted and the
Organ Accompaniment arranged by
C. E. WILLING.

Adagio.

TREBLE. *p* Glo - rious things of thee are

ALTO. *p* Glo - rious things of thee are

TENOR.
(Octave lower.) *p* Glo - rious things of thee are

BASS. *p* Glo - rious things of thee are

Adagio.

ORGAN. *p*

Ped. *p*

The musical score is arranged in five systems. The first four systems are for the voices: Treble, Alto, Tenor (Octave lower), and Bass. Each voice part begins with a rest for two measures, followed by the melody. The organ part is in the fifth system, featuring a right-hand melody and a left-hand accompaniment, with a pedal line indicated by a 'Ped.' marking. The tempo is marked 'Adagio' and the dynamics are 'p' (piano). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics 'Glo - rious things of thee are' are written below each voice part and the organ part.

General Hymns.



General Hymns.



General Hymns.



General Hymns.



General Hymns.



General Themes




smile . . . may'st smile at all thy foes, may'st smile . . . may'st



smile . . . may'st smile at all thy foes, then . may'st



rounded Then may'st smile . . at all thy foes, then . may'st

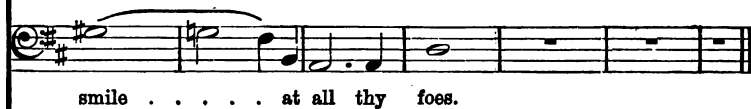
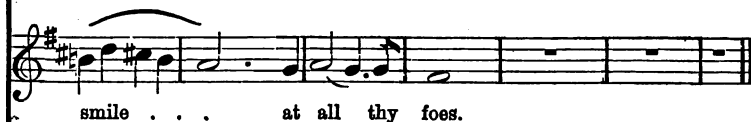


rounded Then may'st smile . . at all thy foes, then . may'st



... Ped. Man. ...

General Hymns.



. Ped. Man. Ped.

General Hymns.

109. ST. MATTHEW.

DR. CROFT.



General Hymns.



O THOU, whose mercy, truth, and love
From age to age endure ;
Whose Word, though heaven and earth remove,
Shall stand for ever sure :
Before Thy face, Almighty God,
Thy guilty creatures fall ;
And plead the Saviour's precious blood,
So freely shed for all.

The sanctifying Spirit give,
To make us pure within ;
That we may serve Thee while we live,
And hate the works of sin :
Give us a new, a perfect heart ;
From evil set us free,
The mind that was in Christ impart,
And make us live to Thee.—Amen.

General Hymns.

110. ST. MARTIN.

C. E. WILLING.



General Hymns.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.
Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth ;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No ! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

General Hymns.

111. ST. PRISCA.



COME, ye that know and fear the
And raise your souls above; [Lord!
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.

This precious truth His Word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, ap-
To show that—God is love. [pears,

Behold His loving-kindness waits
For those who from Him rove,
And calls for mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

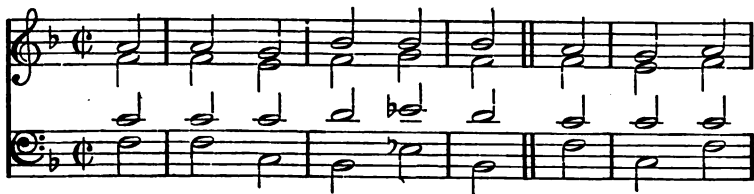
The work begun is carried on,
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Proclaims that—God is love.

Oh! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that—God is love.—Amen.

General Hymns.

112. ST. PALLADIUS.

C. E. WILLING.



JESUS! our Truth, our Way,
Our sure unerring Light,
On Thee our feeble souls we stay
Which Thou wilt lead aright.

Our Wisdom, and our Guide,
Our Counsellor, Thou art;
*O never let us leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart.*

Ourselves we cannot save,
Ourselves we cannot keep,
But strength in Thee we surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

Our souls to Thee alone,
We therefore now commend. *down,*
Thou, Jesus! having loved Thine
Wilt love us to the end.

General Hymns.

113. WEIMAR.



SHEPHERD of the ransom'd flock,
Lead us to the shadowing rock,
Where the cooling waters flow,
Where the freshening pastures grow.

Grant, O Lord, that we may be
Ever glad to follow Thee;
And with thankful hearts rejoice,
When we hear Thy gracious voice.

*Saviour, when Thy loved ones stray
From the new and living way,
Gently call Thine own by name;
All our wand'ring steps reclaim.*

Through the hours of darksome night
Keep us in Thy watchful sight;
O'er each deadly foe prevail,
Let no harm Thy fold assail.

Jesus, Who Thy life didst give,
Dying that Thy sheep might live:
Let us in Thy presence rest,
With eternal comfort bless'd.

Jesu, praise to Thee be given,
Now return'd in peace to heaven;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.—Amen.

General Hymns.

114. ST. DROSTANE.

C. E. WILLING.



JEHOVAH reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil His
feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

O ye that love His holy Name,
Hate every work of sin and shame :
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and
rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord :
None but the soul that feels His grace
Can triumph in His holiness.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.—Amen.

General Hymns.

115. SUDBURY.

C. E. WILLING.



SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of glory shine;
O let Thy favour crown our days,
And all their round be Thine.

With Thee let every week begin,
With Thee each day be spent;
For Thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by Thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labours cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.—Amen.

General Hymns.

116. ST. EDWARD

C. E. WILLING.



LORD, Thy Word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth ;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy Word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted ?

Words of mercy, giving
Succour to the living ;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying !

Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.—Amen.

General Hymns.

117. EDEN.

C. E. WILLING.



SOME wait around Him, ready still
To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them,
go
To guard His servants here below,
Lord, give Thine angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

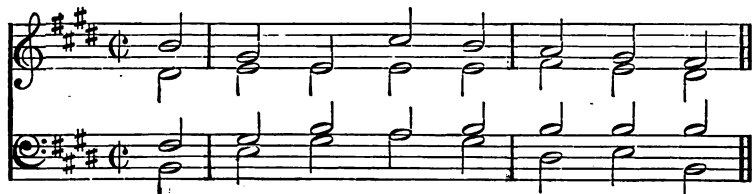
So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear,
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With angels round Thy throne at last.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings
flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

General Hymns.

118. BEDFORD.

WHEALE.



FOR Thy dear mercy's sake receive
The prayers to Thee we pour,
And purify our hearts, to taste
Thy goodness more and more.

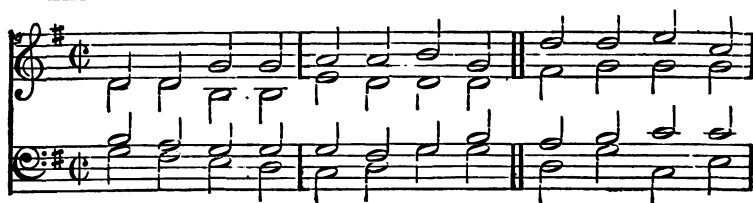
Our flesh and spirit here below,
Lord, in Thy fire refine;
Break down our self-indulgent will,
Gird us with strength divine.

So may we all, who here are met
Thy Holy Name to bless,
One day in our eternal home,
Thine endless joys possess.

Father of mercies, hear our cry;
Hear us, co-equal Son;
Who reignest with the Holy Ghost,
While ceaseless ages run.—Amen.

General Hymns.

119. STUTGARD.



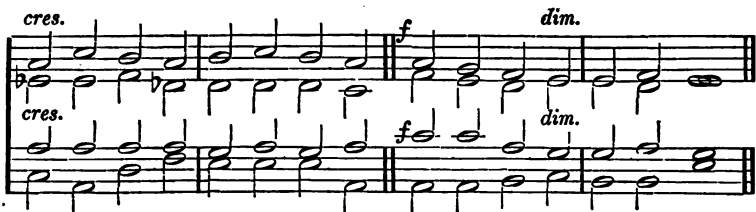
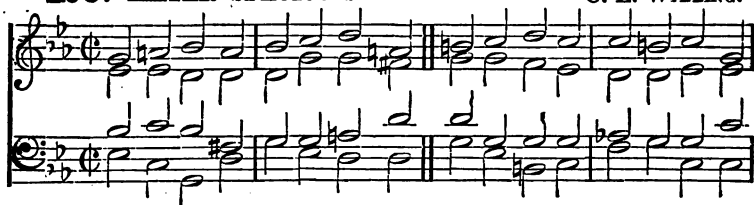
MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

*Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.*

General Hymns.

120. MATER SPECIOSA.

C. E. WILLING.



FULL of beauty stood the Mother,
By the manger, blest o'er other,
Where her little one she lays :
For her inmost soul's elation,
In its fervid jubilation
Thrills with ecstasy of praise.

O what glad, what rapturous feeling
Filled that blessed Mother, kneeling
By the sole Begotten One!
How, her heart with joy rebounding,
She beheld the work astounding,
Saw His birth, the glorious Son.

Mother, fount of love still flowing,
Let me, with thy rapture glowing,
Learn to sympathise with thee :
Let me raise my heart's devotion,
Up to Christ with pure emotion,
That accepted I may be.

All that love this marvel truly,
And the shepherds waiting duly,
Tarry there the live-long night :
Pray, that by thy Son's dear merit,
His elected may inherit
Their own country's endless light.

General Hymns.

121. LANGLEY.

C. E. WILLING.



General Hymns.

JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.—Amen.

General Hymns.

122. BOXMOOR.

C. E. WILLING.



O THAT the Lord would guide my
ways
To keep His statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

O send Thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
*Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.*

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From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Amen.

General Hymns.

123. BERTRAM.

GIBBONS.



HOLY Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art, so let us be!

Fix, O fix our wavering mind;
To Thy Cross our spirit bind;
Earthly passions far remove;
Perfect us in heavenly love.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Purchased by Thy precious blood.

Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable, are Thine:
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

Amen.
163

General Hymns.

124. HANOVER.

DR. CROFT.



General Hymns.

O WORSHIP the King
All glorious above ;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our shield and defender,
The ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender !
How firm to the end !
Our maker, defender,
Redeemer and friend.

O measureless might,
Ineffable love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall echo Thy praise.—Amen.

General Hymns.

125. TANTUM ERGO.



A - men.

General Hymns.

TO the Name of our salvation
Laud and honour let us pay,
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay;
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

Jesus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near:
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halter,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessed Name revere;
Holy Jesu, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with angels there.—Amen.

General Hymns.

126. IVY BRIDGE.

C. E. WILLING.



YE servants of the Lord,
Each in His office, wait
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

168

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid th' angelic band.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.—Amen.

General Hymns.

127. CONSOLATION.

C. E. WILLING.



JESU, 'thron'd in Heaven,
Turn a pitying ear:
Let Thy grace be given
Us who suffer here.

Harass'd by temptation,
Torn by cares and woes,
All our consolation
From Thy Passion flows.

When o'erwhelmed in sadness
We for succour flee,
Woe shall turn to gladness
If we trust in Thee.

In the night of sorrow
Thou wilt e'er be near,
And wilt on the morrow
Dry the mourner's tear.

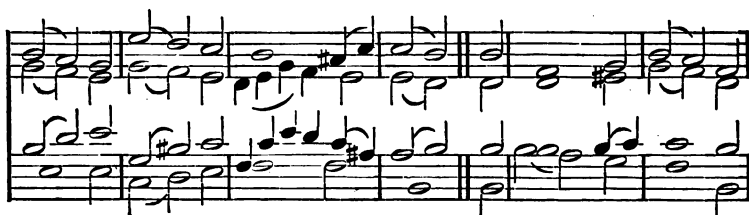
Though while here we wander
Troubles never cease,
In Thy kingdom yonder
Thou wilt give us peace.

There with Thee for ever
In Thy mansions blest,
Nought from us shall sever
Our eternal rest.

God the Father praising,
Praising God the Son,
God the Spirit praising,
Holy Three in One.—Amen.

General Hymns.

128. S. VINCENT.



OFt as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, am I
Prepared, should I be called to die?

Lord Jesus! to Thy Cross I flee,
Salvation seek alone from Thee.
*To me Thy quick'ning spirit give,
And to Thy glory let me live.*

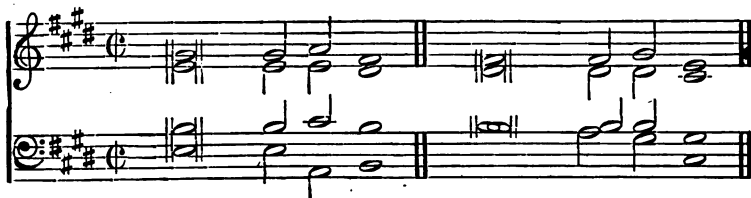
Then when the solemn bell I hear,
Redeem'd from sin, I shall not fear,
Nor will the thought alarming be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me!

Rather my spirit will rejoice,
Longing to hear my Father's voice,
When He shall bid me earth resign,
And rise to heaven through grace
divine.

General Hymns.

129. ASAPH.

C. E. WILLING.



MY God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough
way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."—Amen.

General Hymns.

130. LEBANON.

C. E. WILLING.



General Hymns.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven ;
To His feet thy tribute bring :
Ransom'd, heal'd, restor'd, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing ?
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise the everlasting King !

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Glorious in His faithfulness !

Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face ;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise with us the God of grace !

General Hymns.

131. BETHEL.

C. E. WILLING.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A - men.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Amen.

General Hymns.

132. BRUNSWICK.

HANDEL.



O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.—Amen.

General Hymns.

133. BREMEN.

C. E. WILLING.



ALL hail the power of Jesu's Name!
Ye angels, prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Of Jesse's stem extol the rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

176

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Oh that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.—Amen.

General Hymns.

134. ELDERSLIE.

MARSHALL.



O THAT the Lord would guide my
To keep His statutes still! [ways
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

O send Thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by Thy Word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Amen.
177

General Hymns.

135. MARTYRDOM.

WILSON.



FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of Thy grace impart ;
And make me live to Thee.

Let the bless'd hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.—Amen.

General Hymns.

136. KELSOE.

C. E. WILLING.



LAMB of God! for sinners slain;
By Thy mercy born again,
For Thy guidance still we pray,
Lest from grace we fall away.

By the mystic, cleansing flood,
By the water and the blood,
Washed and sanctified to Thee,
Pure and holy let us be.

Aid us with Thy daily grace,
Stedfastly to run our race;
Grant us victory in the strife,
And the prize of endless life.

Laud and praise from all on earth,
To the God of our new birth;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.
179

General Hymns.

137. WENTWORTH.

PLEYEL.



General Hymns.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life hath flow'd,
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by Thee.
In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
'Th' approaching storm shall see ;
My stedfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on Thee.—Amen.

General Hymns.

138. WINCHESTER NEW.

CRASSELLIUS.



COME, magnify the Saviour's love ;
Come, praise our great Redeemer's
Name,
Who left the Father's throne above,
And stoop'd for us to death and
shame :

At God's right hand exalted now,
With glory, majesty, and power,
Let every knee before Him bow,
And every tongue His Name adore.
182

Thy lowly spirit, Lord, impart ;
With holy fear our bosoms fill ;
O give the meek, obedient heart,
To suffer and to do Thy will.

Thy cross, bless'd Saviour, may we
bear ;
Mark the example Thou hast given ;
Follow in all Thy footsteps here ;
Rise to Thy glorious rest in heaven.
Amen.

General Hymns.

139. LONDON NEW.



FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light !

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be 'Thou for ever near ;
Teach us to love Thy sacred Word,
And view our Saviour there.

All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.—Amen.

General Hymns.

140. S. DAVID.



LORD, what Thy providence denies
We calmly would resign;
For Thou art good, and just, and wise,
O bend our will to Thine.

Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
O give us strength to bear;
And let us know our Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

184

Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To our weak, erring sight;
Yet let our souls adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

Our God, our Father! be Thy Name
Our solace and our stay;
O, wilt Thou seal our humble claim,
And drive our fears away!—Amen.

General Hymns.

141. S. BARTHOLOMEW.



STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing, high,
Who would not fear His holy Name,
And laud, and magnify?

Oh! for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaim'd,
With all our ransom'd powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.—Amen.

General Hymns.

142. LINCOLN.

C. E. WILLING.



THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes.

Could we but climb where Moses
stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jor'dan's stream, nor death's cold
flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Amen.

General Hymns.

143. DUNDEE.



JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall these eyes Thy heaven-
built walls
And gates of pearl behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an
end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

Praise to the Father and the Son,
Praise to the Spirit be;
Praise to the blessed Three in One,
Through all eternity.—Amen.

General Hymns.

144. (PART I.)—NEALE.

C. E. WILLING.



BRIEF life is here our portion ;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is *there*.

O happy retribution !
Short toil, eternal rest :
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown ;

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Sion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope ;

But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known ;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day :

There God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect !

Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.—Amen.

General Hymns.

144. (PART II.)—ST. BERNARD.

C. E. WILLING.

mf For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep ;

mf

The first system of the hymn is written in treble and bass staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

For ve - ry love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep.

The second system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

f The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

f

The third system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

p And me - di - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest.

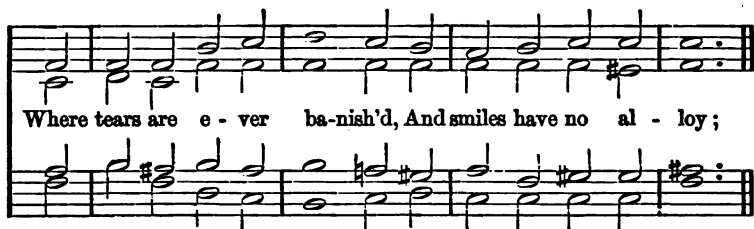
p

The fourth system of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

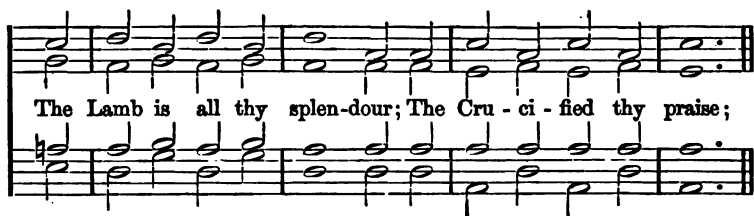
General Hymns.



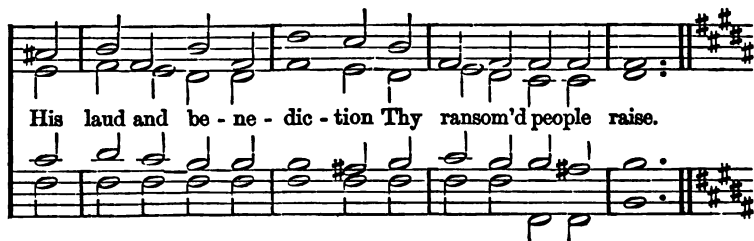
O one, O on - ly man-sion! O pa - ra - dise of joy!



Where tears are e - ver ba-nish'd, And smiles have no al - loy;



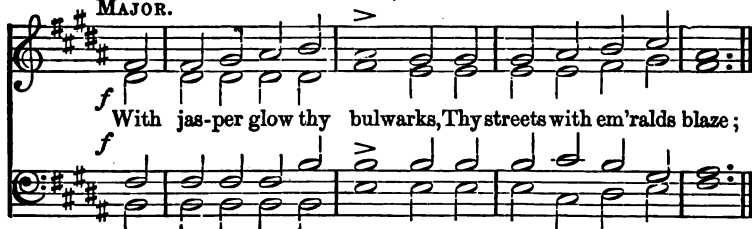
The Lamb is all thy splen-dour; The Cru - ci - fied thy praise;



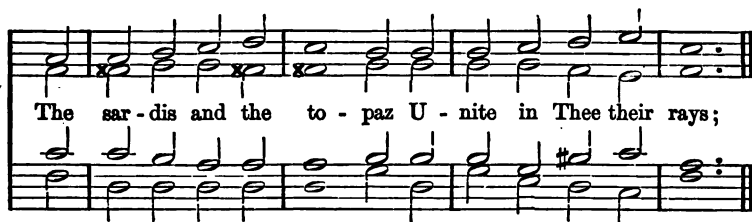
His laud and be - ne - dic - tion Thy ransom'd people raise.

General Hymns.

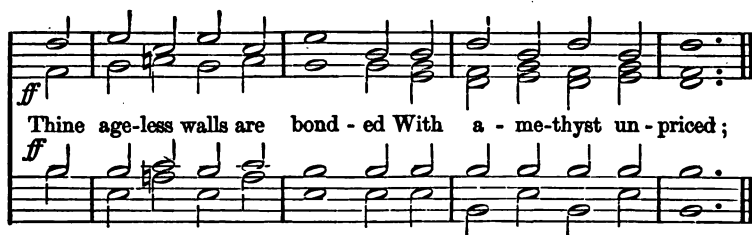
MAJOR.



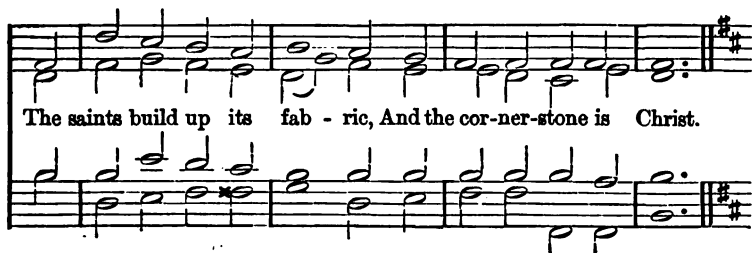
f With jas-per glow thy bulwarks, Thy streets with em'ralds blaze;



The sar-dis and the to-paz U-nite in Thee their rays;



ff Thine age-less walls are bond-ed With a-me-thyst un-priced;



The saints build up its fab-ric, And the cor-ner-stone is Christ.

General Hymns.

MINOR.

mf Thou hast no shore, fair o - cean! Thou hast no time, bright day!

mf

Dear fountain of re - fresh - ment To pil - grims far a - way!

f Up - on the Rock of A - ges They raise thy ho - ly tower;

f

Thine is the vic - tor's lau - rel, And thine the gold - en dower.

General Hymns.

MAJOR.

O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, The home of God's e - lect!

O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!

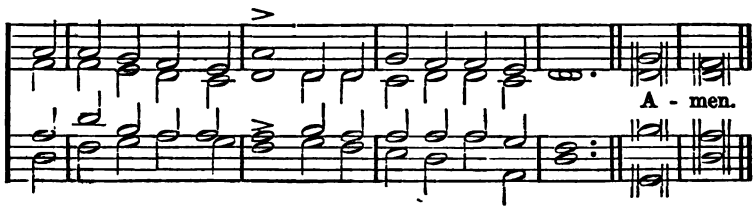
ff Je - su, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spi-rit, e - ver blest. A - men.

General Hymns.

144. (PART III.)—MORLAIX.

C. E. WILLING.



General Hymns.

JERUSALEM the golden !
With milk and honey blest ;
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress.
I know not, oh ! I know not
What joys await us there ;
What radiancy of glory
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng :
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene ;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;
ff And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

p O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect
ff Jesu, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest.
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.—Amen.

General Hymns.

145. MEDITATION.

C. E. WILLING.



<p>THOU must go forth alone, my soul ! Thou must go forth alone, To other scenes, to other worlds, That mortal hath not known.</p>	<p>Thou must go forth alone, my soul, To meet thy God above : But shrink not—He has said, my soul, He is a God of love !</p>
--	---

<p>Thou must go forth alone, my soul, To tread the narrow vale ; But He, whose word is sure, hath said His mercy shall not fail.</p>	<p>His rod and staff shall comfort thee Across the dreary road, Till thou shalt join the blessed ones In heaven's serene abode.—Amen.</p>
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General Hymns.

146. TAPLOW.

C. E. WILLING.



THOUGH I walk the downward shade,
 Deepening through the vale of death,
 Yet I will not be afraid,
 But, with my departing breath,
 I will glory in my God,
 In my Saviour I will trust,
 Strengthened by His staff and rod,
 While this body falls to dust.

Soon on wings, on wings of love,
 My transported soul shall rise,
 Like the home-returning dove,
 Vanishing through boundless skies;
 Then, where death shall be no more,
 Sin nor suffering e'er molest,
 All my days of mourning o'er,
 In His presence I shall rest.—Amen.

General Hymns.

147. S. JAMES.

COURTVILLE.



MY faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tomb;
I know that my Redeemer lives,
And on the clouds shall come.

I know that He shall soon appear
In power and glory meet;
And death, the last of all His foes,
Lie vanquished at His feet.

Then, though the grave my flesh de-
And hold me for its prey, [vour,
I know my sleeping dust shall rise
On the last judgment-day.

I, in my flesh, shall see my God,
When He on earth shall stand;
I shall with all His saints ascend
To dwell at His right hand. — Amen.

General Hymns.

148. GIESE.

C. E. WILLING.



BLESSED Saviour! Thee I love,
All my other joys above;
All my hopes in Thee abide,
Thou my hope, and naught beside:
Ever let my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee.

Once again beside the Cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
Jesus crucified for me.

Blessèd Saviour! Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth or earthly power
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee!—Amen.

General Hymns.

149. MISTLEY.

C. E. WILLING.



I LOVE the Lord who died for me ;
 I love His grace divine and free ;
 I love His Word, for there I read
 That He loved me, and for me bled.

I love to hear that He was slain ;
 I love His every grief and pain ;
*I love to think on Him by faith,
 And muse upon His cruel death.*

I love His people and their ways ;
 I love with them to pray and praise ;
 I love the Father and the Son ;
 I love the Spirit He sent down.

I love to think the time will come
 When I shall be with Him at home,—
 When I shall love as He loves me,
 And praise Him through eternity.
 Amen.

Sunday Morning.

150. WEIMAR.



A - men.

MORN of morns, and day of days,
Silent as the morning's rays,
From the sepulchre's dark prison,
Christ the Light of lights hath risen.

He commanded, and His word
Death and the dread chaos heard :
We, O shame ! more deaf than they,
In the chains of darkness stay.

Nature 'neath the shadow lies ;
Let the sons of light arise,
All throughout night's stillness deep
Holy symphonies to keep.

While the dead world sleeps around
Let the sacred temples sound ;
Law and prophet and blest psalm,
Lit with holy light so calm.

Thus to hearts in slumber weak,
Let the heavenly trumpet speak ;
And like streaks of early morn,
New ways mark the newly born.

Grant us this, and with us be
O Thou fount of charity,
Thou Who dost the Spirit give,
Bidding the dead letters live.

Equal praise to Father, Son,
And to Thee, the Holy One,
By Whose quickening breath divine
Our dull spirits burn and shine.—Amen.

Sunday Morning.

151. LUTON.

EBDON.



A GAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest ;
When, like his own, He bade our labours cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

Sunday Morning.

Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn His will, and all we learn obey ;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And bend in penitence, and join in prayer.

So shall the God of Mercy, pleased, receive
That only tribute man has power to give ;
So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Maestoso.

LAST VERSE.

ff

mf

mf

ff

ff

A - men.

Father of Heaven ! in Whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and Whose precepts guide ;
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be Thine, till time shall end.— Amen.

Sunday Morning.

152. PARADISE.



THIS day, by Thy creating word.
First o'er the earth the light was
pour'd :

O Lord, this day upon us shine,
And fill our souls with light divine.

This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again :
O Jesu, may we raised be
From death of sin to life in Thee.

This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame :
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to
pray.

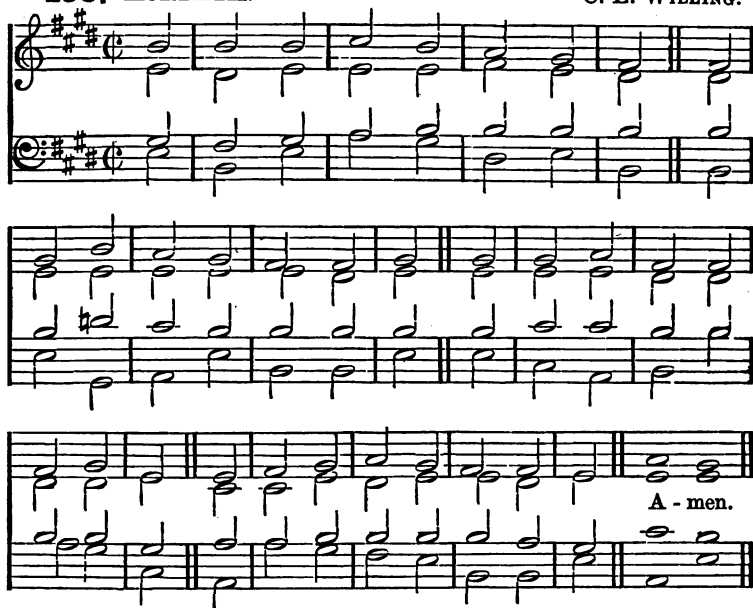
O day of light, and life, and grace !
From earthly toils sweet resting-place !
Thy hallow'd hours, best gift of Love,
Give we again to God above !

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore.—Amen.

Sunday Evening,

153. MORPETH.

C. E. WILLING.



O GOD! enshrined in heavenly might
Beyond the ken of mortal sight;
Where, awed, e'en saints before Thee
quail,
And angel hosts their faces veil;

While these nocturnal glooms profound
Thy servants here on earth surround,
May beams from Thine eternal day,
Chase all our worldly night away

Day with celestial splendours fair!
Which now for us Thou dost prepare;
And faintly shadoweth here below,
The flaming sun's meridian glow.

Thou lingerest! ah! thou golden
dawn!

Thou lingerest! long-expected morn!
When, quit of this encumbering clay,
Shall we behold that wished-for day?

Then clogged by fleshly bands no more,
The soul, O God! to Thee shall soar;
Before Thy blissful vision bend,
And love and serve Thee without end!

Great Trinity! Thou Source of Grace,
O fit us for that happy place;
This brief and misty twilight clear,
And make Thine endless day appear!
Amen.

Sunday Evening.

154. LONDON COLNEY.

C. E. WILLING.



ERE the waning light decay,
God of all, to Thee we pray;
Let Thine angel guards descend,
Us to succour and defend.

Guard from dreams that may affright,
Guard from terrors of the night;
Guard from foes, without, within,
Outward danger, inward sin.

206

Mindful of our only stay,
Duly thus to Thee we pray:
Duly thus to Thee we raise
Solemn hymns of grateful praise.

Hear our prayer, Almighty King!
Hear our praises while we sing!
Hymning with the Heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—Amen.

Morning.

155. NAYLAND.



THE star of morn to night succeeds,
We, then, as humble suppliants
pray,
May God in all our words and deeds
Keep us from harm throughout the
[day.

May He in love restrain us still
From tones of strife and words of ill;
And wrap around, and close our eyes
To earth's absorbing vanities.

So when the day has passed away,
And eve the stillly night shall bring,
From this world wean'd, from mischief
screen'd,
We may God's endless glory sing.

To God the Father and the Son,
His Well-beloved, glory be;
And glory to the Holy Ghost,
Now, and throughout eternity.

Amen.
257

Morning.

156. ANGELS.



FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, we
 go,
 Our daily duty to renew,
 Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,
 In all we think, or speak, or do.
 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
 O may we carefully fulfil;
 In all our works Thy presence
 find,
 And gladly do Thy holy will.

O may we bear Thine easy yoke;
 With patience watch, with fervour
 pray;
 And still to things eternal look
 Through all the duties of the day.
 Whate'er Thy bounteous hand hath
 given,
 For Thee, O God, we would employ;
 And, looking for our rest in Heaven,
 Serve Thee on earth with holy joy.

To Thee, great Lord, the One in Three,
 All praise for evermore ascend;
 O grant us in our home to see
 The heavenly life that knows no end.—Amen.

Morning.

157. EDEN.

C. E. WILLING.



A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the Light divine
Let thy own light in good works shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—Amen.

Morning.

158. STEVENAGE.

C. E. WILLING.



BEHOLD the golden morn arise
The paling night forsakes the skies,
The misty shadows melt away,
Which led our erring sense astray.

Outpour Thy gifts, serenest Light !
And make us faultless in Thy sight ;
Ne'er may we utter words of guile,
Dark thoughts our bosoms ne'er defile.

So may the day speed on ; our tongue
No falsehood know, our hands now wrong ;
Our eyes from evil gaze refrain,
No guilt our guarded bodies stain.

Behold ! the All-seeing from on high
Surveys us with a watchful eye ;
Each day our every act He knows,
From early dawn to evening's close.

Glory to God the Father be !
Like glory, only Son ! to Thee ;
And to the Spirit Paraclete,
Now, and through ages infinite !—Amen.

Morning.

159. PULHAM.

C. E. WILLING.



CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high be near,
Daystar in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine ;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine ;
Scatter all my unbelief ;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.—Amen.

Morning.

160. S. THOMAS.



O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou Brightness of the Father's
Thou Fountain of eternal light, [face,
Whose beams disperse the shades of
night;

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
Thy Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name,
His powerful succour to implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And guide us safely to the end.

May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

Oh, hallowed then be every day;
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noon-day light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

O Christ! with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!—Amen.

Evening.

161. HURSLEY.



SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Amen.
213

Ebening.

162. UPMINSTER.

C. E. WILLING.



THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest ;
Jesu, Thou our Guardian be ;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose.
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.—Amen.

Evening.

163. WEIMAR.



THROUGH the changes of the day,
Kept by Thy sustaining power,
Offerings of thanks we pay,
Father! in this evening hour;

Praises to Thy Name belong,
Source and Giver of our good!
And, though feeble is our song,
It shall speak our gratitude.

From the dangers which have frown'd,
From the snares in secret set,
We have, through Thy mercy, found
Safety and deliverance yet!

And Thy loving-kindness hath
All the day to us been shown,
While profusely on our path
Richest blessings have been strown.

Spirit! Who hast been our Light,
And the Guardian of our way,
Let Thy mercy and Thy might
Keep us for another day!

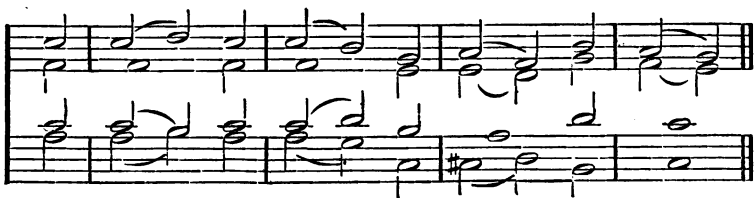
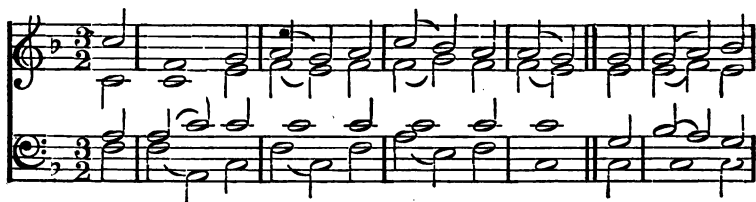
O'er our sleep, with sleepless eye,
Watch, and sweet shall be our rest,
And when morning gilds the sky,
Our awaking shall be bless'd!

Amen.

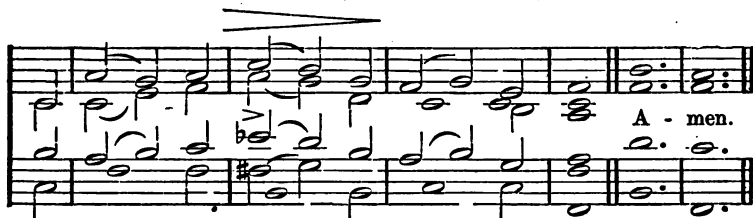
Ebening.

164. COLWICH.

C. E. WILLING.



Evening.



SWEET Saviour ! bless us ere we go ;
 Thy Word into our minds instil,
 And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
 With lowly love and fervent will.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run,
 And Thou hast taken count of all—
 The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
 The broken vow, the frequent fall.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toil'd,
 And care is light, for Thou hast cared :
 Ah ! never let our works be soil'd
 With strife, or by deceit ensnared.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
 The sinful, unto Thee we call ;
 O let Thy mercy make us glad ;
 Thou art our Jesus, and our All !
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.

Sweet Saviour ! bless us ! night is come,
 Through night and darkness near us be ;
 Good angels watch about our home,
 And we are one day nearer Thee.
 Through life's long day and death's dark night,
 O gentle Jesu, be our light.—Amen.

Ebening.

165. CLEWER.

C. E. WILLING.



THE day, O gracious Lord, is spent ;
 Abide with us and rest ;
 Our hearts' desires are fully bent
 On making Thee our guest.

We have not reach'd that happy land,
 That glorious land, as yet,
 Where holy angels round Thee stand,
 Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is fast declining now,
 Our day is almost o'er ;
 O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou
 Shine on us evermore.—Amen.

Evening.

166. EVENING HYMN.

TALLIS.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and
Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

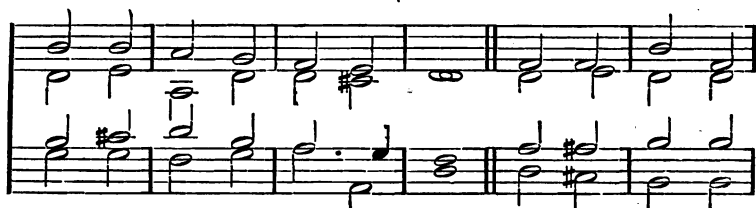
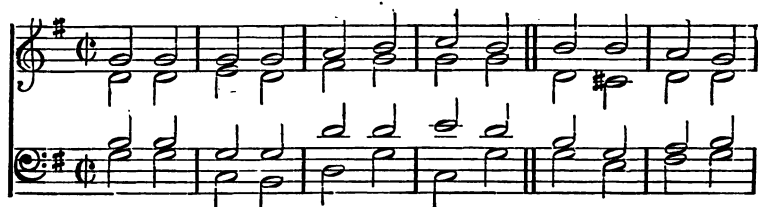
Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on Thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids
close! [make
Sleep, that shall me more vigorous
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow.
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—Amen.

Holy Communion.

167. TANTUM ERGO.



Holy Communion.

O MY tongue! rehearse the glory
Of that famed and wondrous war;
O'er the Cross, victorious trophy,
Now thy lays triumphant pour;
Where, though slain, the Saviour nobly
Vanquished hell for evermore.

He, for our first father mourning
Captive in the toils of hell,
Who, the fatal apple tasting,
Lured, to death a victim fell,
Did that tree in mercy marking,
All its baneful power dispel.

Thus the work of man's salvation
Must in order be complete;
Thus the craft of the temptation
Foil the tempter's own deceit;
And the foe bring reparation
His own mischief to defeat.

So, the appointed time arriving,
On that consecrated morn,
From the Father's bosom issuing,
Made our flesh, of glory shorn,
From a Virgin's womb proceeding
Was the world's Creator born!

Wailing, to the narrow manger
See! the Heavenly Child conveyed;
In mean rags the holy Stranger
By that maiden Mother laid;
Who in swathing bands from danger
Hath His royal limbs arrayed.

Unto God supreme be ever
Glory, honour, as is meet;
With the Son unto the Father,
And the sacred Paraclete;
Whose are boundless laud and power
Throughout ages infinite!—Amen.

Holy Communion.

168. ROCKINGHAM.



MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'er-
Thither be all Thy children led, [flow?
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for them the Victim slain?
Are they forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore.—Amen.

Holy Communion.

169. S. NINIAN.

C. E. WILLING.



O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert
The manna from above. [flow,

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly Food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious Blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

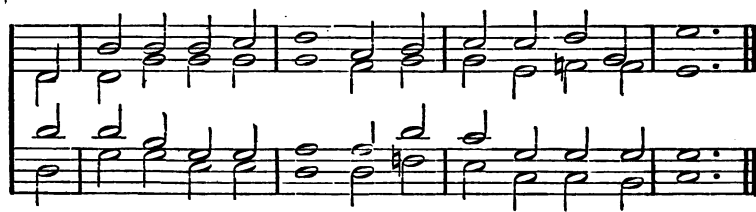
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.—Amen.



Missions.

170. GREENLAND.

C. E. WILLING.



A - men.

Missions.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.—Amen.

Consecration of a Church.

171. TEMPLE.

C. E. WILLING.



Consecration of a Church.

O GOD, who lovest to abide
In Sion's chosen gate,
More than the thousand tents beside,
Where Israel's faithful wait;

Accept our works, and hear our vows,
Unworthy though we be;
And look in mercy on the House
We dedicate to Thee.

Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,
Thy people when they pray;
Here in the waters of Thy font
Let sin be washed away.

Here set Thy Confirmation's seal
For ghostly strength and good;
Here give Thy faithful, as they kneel,
Their Saviour's Flesh and Blood.

Let never evil thing divide
The hearts Thou here mak'st one;
By danger or affliction tried,
Here let thy servants run.

Here find they refuge from their foes,
And grace and peace alway;
Here let their dust in hope repose
Until the Judgment-day.

If after sin they seek Thy face,
And by Thy precepts live,
Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-
place,
And when Thou hear'st, forgive!

If there be famine in the land,
Or pestilence, or foe,
Stretch out from Heaven Thy strong
right Hand,
When here Thy flock fall low.

Bless those, O Lord, and hear their cry,
That raised Thy Temple here:
That in Thy House beyond the sky
With joy they may appear.

And whoso seeks, by guile or might,
To wrong Thy holy place,
Thou shalt avenge, O God, Thy right
On him and all his race.

Wisdom and power to God alone;
Praise to the Father be,
And to the precious Corner-stone,
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee!—Amen.

Dedication of a Church.

172. S. BARTHOLOMEW.



O GOD, enthroned in heaven,
Bless now the house we raise,
And grant Thy blessing may be given,
To earthly prayer and praise.

We have a house above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm, as our Redeemer's love,
That heavenly fabric stands.

Jesus, regard our vows,
And change our faith to sight;
And clothe us with our nobler house
Of empyrean light!

O let us put on Thee
In perfect holiness,
And rise prepared Thy face to see,
Thy bright, unclouded face!—Amen.

Dedication of a Church.

173. S. BLAISE



NOW the great and sure Foundation,
 Christ, the Corner Stone, is laid;
 Who both walls of separation
 Hath, one whole uniting, made;
 Holy Syon is His station,
 In Him all her trust is stayed.

All that fair and noble city,
 Loved and favoured of her Lord,
 Rings with strains of glad rejoicing,
 Echoing His renown abroad;
 And her God, triune and only,
 Greets, in jubilant accord!

In Thy Temple, God supremest!
 Now at these our prayers appear;
 Of Thy wonted loving-kindness
 Here unto our vows give ear;

With the richness of Thy goodness
 This our earthly sojourn cheer!

Here with sure and constant favour
 Grant us each devout request;
 Of Thy gifts, in plenteous measure,
 Make us with Thy saints possessed;
 Till in Thy Paradise of pleasure
 We attain our final rest!

Blessing, glory, might, and honour
 In the highest, as is meet,
 Be unto the Son and Father,
 And the holy Paraclete;
 Whose is boundless praise and power
 Throughout ages infinite!—Amen.

Conversion of S. Paul.

174. PARADISE.



Conversion of S. Paul.

ENOUGH, O Paul! on earth no more
Remain; thy conflicts all are o'er;
In Heaven, now this thy course is run,
Awaits the crown that thou hast won.

What perils on the boisterous main,
On lands what ills thou didst sustain!
What stonings, scourges, bonds malign
What losses, griefs, what deaths were thine!

But Christ, Who with a loving force
Had nailed and held thee to His Cross,
Now calls thee to the life on high:
And 'tis thy greatest gain to die.

Though charity's enthralling chains
Thy heart with fondest links constrains,
And sons, which thou to Christ hast borne,
This parting with their father mourn.

Yet now at last, prepared on high,
The goal of all thy toils is nigh;
Among the Twelve a throne is stored
As Israel's judge, for thy reward.

To God the One, yet blessed Three,
Supremest praise and honour be;
Who from the gloom of heathen night,
Hath called us to His glorious light!

Amen.



Presentation of Christ in

175. MORPETH.

C. E. WILLING.



O WISDOM of the God of Grace !
Pervading all things mightily ;
The frailties of man's fallen race,
Restoring with sweet clemency ;

Thou deignedst human flesh to assume
And e'en a death of pain to endure,
Proceeding from a Virgin's womb,
From all our guilt for ever pure ;

Thou didst with joy that mother crown,
Her holy inmate ere Thy birth ;
Then bright with blessings and renown
Arise a Star upon the earth.

And O ! what gifts of love are Thine
So sure, so blissful, and so free,
Whereby with sweetness all divine,
Thou drawest every heart to Thee

All glory, Lord ! to Thee be given
Who wast of virgin mother born ;
And with the Father high in heaven
And Holy Ghost art ever One !—Amen.

The Annunciation.

176. ANNUNCIATION.

C. E. WILLING.



LET us praise God this day,
This day so long foretold,
Whose promise shone with cheering ray
On waiting saints of old.

The Prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin, born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore;
Like her, whom heaven's Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

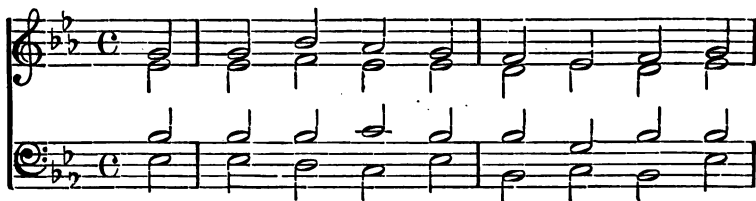
Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The Incarnate Saviour's birth.—Amen.

Nativity of S. John Baptist.

177. S. JOHN BAPTIST.

C. E. WILLING.



A - - men.

Nativity of S. John Baptist.

MOST blest, most excellent in holiness,
Of snow-white purity, unstained and clear,
Great martyr! dweller in the wilderness!
Thou matchless seer!

With thrice ten circlets, diadems may crown
Some prophets, others doubly more; but thou
Hast triply decked with hundredfold renown
Thy sacred brow.

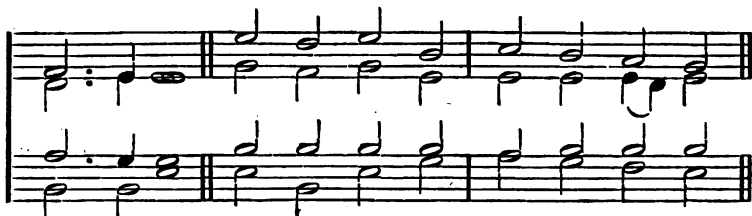
O may thy mighty voice our passions soothe;
Cast forth the rocks which mar our hearts' abode:
Make straight the crooked paths, and kindly smooth
Each rugged road!

So shall earth's Maker and Redeemer chase
From our repentant souls all guilt away,
And by His coming deign our feet to place
Within His way!

Now whilst Heaven's citizens proclaim thy praise
God ever One, and yet co-equal Three,
For pardon we our suppliant voices raise,
Redeemed by Thee!—Amen.

S. Michael and all Angels.

178. S. BLAISE.



S. Michael and all Angels.

CHRIST! the Father's mirrored brightness,
Life and strength of souls Thou art!
And to Thee before the Angels
Sing we laud with voice and heart;
In alternate modulation
Bearing each our tuneful part.

Praise we with meet veneration
All the warriors of the sky;
Before all, the princely chieftain
Of the heavenly chivalry
Michael, who in battle victor
Hurled Abaddon from on high.

By his prowess all excelling,
Christ! Thou King of boundless grace,
All the foe's assaults repelling,
Pure in heart before Thy face
Us in Paradise Thy dwelling,
Of Thine only mercy place.

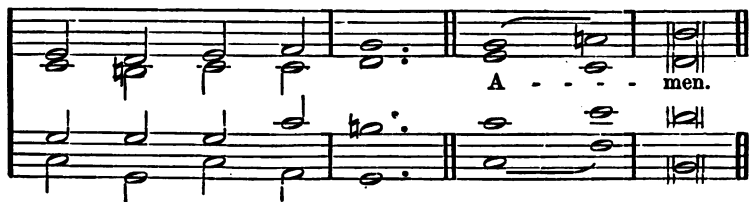
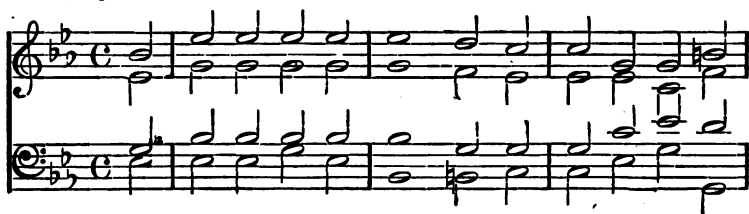
Glory to the Father giving
Him with anthems let us greet;
Glory unto Christ ascribing,
Glory to the Paraclete,
Triune yet one God existing
Throughout ages infinite.—Amen



S. Stephen's Day.

179. EAST GRINSTEAD.

C. E. WILLING.



THE Lord and King of all things
But yesterday was born :
And Stephen's glorious offering
His birthtide shall adorn.

No pearls of orient splendour,
No jewels can he show ;
But with his own true heart's-blood
His shining vestments glow.

Come, ye that love the Martyrs,
And pluck the flow'rs of song,
And weave them in a garland
For this our suppliant throng :

Make supplication, standing
Before Christ's Royal Throne,
That He would give the Kingdom,
And for our sins atone!—Amen.

S. Stephen's Day.

180. S. THOMAS.



MARTYR of God! who in the road
His only Son victorious trode,
With vanquished foes triumphant
strove,
And won a conqueror's palm above;

O may thy prayer devout and pure,
Forgiveness for our guilt procure!
From sin's contagion keep us whole,
From life's vain sorrows purge the
soul!

Now from all fleshly shackles freed,
No sins thy heavenly walk impede;
So may a Saviour's love release
Our earth-bound souls, and grant us
peace.

To God the Father glory be,
Like glory, only Son! to Thee,
And to the Spirit Paraclete,
Now and through ages infinite!

Amen.
239

S. John the Evangelist's Day.

181. BENEDICTION.

M. HAYDN.

A-men.

S. John the Evangelist's Day.

WORD Supreme, before creation
 Born of God eternally,
 Who didst will for our salvation
 To be born on earth, and die;
 Well Thy saints have kept their
 station,
 Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.

Now, 'tis come, and faith espies Thee;
 Like an eaglet in the morn,
 One in stedfast worship eyes Thee,
 Thy beloved, Thy latest born:
 In Thy glory he describes Thee
 Reigning from the tree of scorn.

He upon Thy bosom lying
 Thy true tokens learned by heart;
 And Thy dearest pledge in dying,
 Lord, Thou didst to him impart;
 Shew'dst him how, all grace supplying,
 Blood and water from Thee start.

He first, hoping and believing,
 Did beside the grave adore;
 Latest he, the warfare leaving,
 Landed on th' eternal shore;
 And his witness we receiving
 Own Thee Lord for evermore.

Much he asked in loving wonder,
 On Thy bosom leaning, Lord;
 In that secret place of thunder
 Answer kind didst Thou accord,
 Wisdom for Thy Church to ponder
 Till the day of dread award.

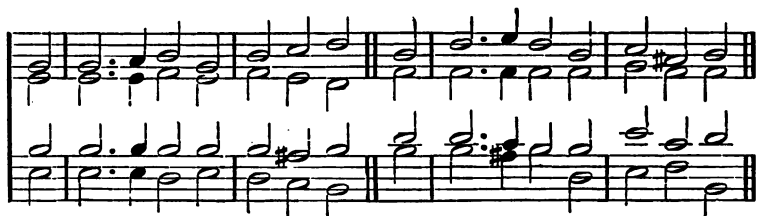
Lo! heaven's doors lift up, revealing
 How Thy judgments earthward
 move,
 Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,
 Wine cups from the wrath above;
 Yet o'er all a soft voice stealing—
 “Little children, trust and love!”

Thee, the almighty King eternal,
 Father of th' eternal Word,
 Thee, the Father's Word supernal,
 Thee, of Both, the Breath adored,
 Heaven and earth, and realms infernal
 Own, One glorious God and Lord.
 Amen.

The Innocents' Day.

182. INNOCENTS.

C. E. WILLING.



The Innocents' Day.

HAIL! martyr flowers! in childhood's dawn,
Ere blushed the prime of opening morn,
Cropped by the falchion's stroke unkind,
As rosebuds by the ruthless wind!
Firstlings of Christ! ah victim train!
Ah tender flock untimely slain!
E'en at the ensanguined altar gay,
Guileless with crown and palm ye play!

O bootless crime! O cruel deed!
Sweet infants vainly doomed to bleed!
Christ, from the carnage far conveyed
Is rescued from the murderer's blade.
Unscathed, He lives amid the flood
Of His dear slaughtered brethren's blood;
The sword, which Hebrew parents mourn,
Harms not the mighty Virgin-born!

So Moses erst, in Egypt's land,
The impious monarch's dire command
Escaped; and thence, in bonds enslaved,
Type of the Christ, His Israel saved.
Jesu! all glory unto Thee,
Born of a spotless Virgin, be;
To Father, and to Holy Ghost,
Long as eternity shall last!—Amen.

All Saints' Day.

183. ALL SAINTS.



All Saints' Day.

BLESSED acts of blessed martyrs!
Valiant conquerors! saintly men!
With devotion's deep emotions,
Keep we this their feast again.

Nobly noble wonders working
Decked with virtue's flowers were they;
Therefore meetly, singing sweetly,
We will honour them for aye.

Faith unbending, hope ne'er ending,
Hearts which clave to Christ were there;
And unshaken they were taken,
Cruel martyrdom to bear.

Racked with torture, haled to slaughter,
Flames and axe and prison chain,
Though they languish pierced with anguish,
Yet they yielded not to pain.

Till the flesh by foes tormented
Sank at last in death to rest;
Then perfected they elected
Gained rewards among the blest.

So, despising worldly pleasures
And by deeds of valour done
Victory gaining, they are reigning
Knit with angel hosts in one.

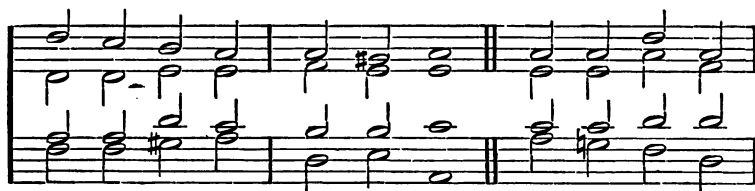
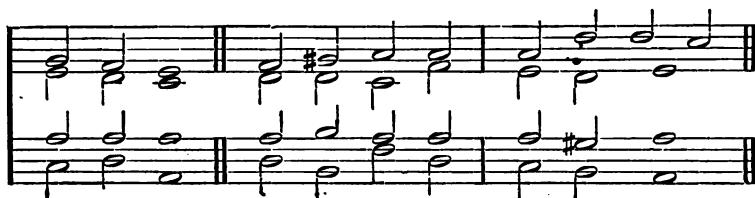
Made co-heirs with Christ, triumphant
In celestial bliss ye share;
As He listened to your weeping,
Oh! that He may hear our prayer!

That this weary life completed,
And its fleeting sorrows past,
We may joy for ever seated
In your glorious home at last.—Amen.

All Saints' Day.

184. S. KATHARINE.

C. E. WILLING.



All Saints' Day.

WHO are these like stars appearing,
These, before God's throne who stand?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band?
Alleluia! hark, they sing,
Praising loud their heavenly King.

Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Clothed in God's own righteousness;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess,
Still untouched by time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended
For their Saviour's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng;
These, who well the fight sustained,
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Did as priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command:
Now in God's most holy place
Blest they stand before His face.—Amen.

All Saints' Day.

185. DUNDEE.



HOW bright those glorious spirits
shine!

Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light:
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, Who reigns upon the
throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.—Amen.

Apostles.

186. TRIUMPH.

C. E. WILLING.



YE princes of the courts on high!
And chieftains of heaven's chivalry!
Twelve lamps to all the world are ye,
And shall at last its judges be.

When men in heathen darkness lay,
O'er them ye poured the gospel day;
To lost ones, who in error strayed,
The beams of saving truth displayed!

Ye, not by sword, nor scourging war,
Nor arts of speech, nor learned lore,
But by the Cross, a lowly Name,
To Christ rebellious hearts reclaim.

E'en now behold! the fetters burst
Wherewith this captive world was
cursed;

It joys, from Egypt's bondage free,
Beneath God's laws in liberty!

By you to men, with blessing fraught,
Were God's eternal mysteries taught;
And e'en to earth's remotest bound,
Are these your noble deeds renowned.

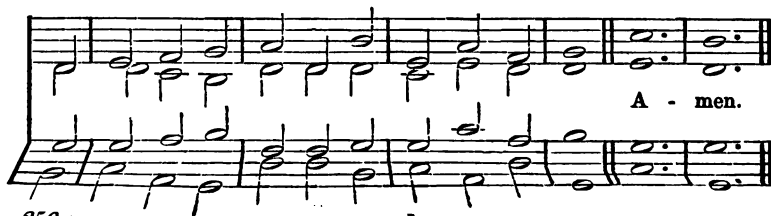
To God, for aye, Triune and One,
Be praise, and ceaseless honour done;
Who from the gloom of heathen night
Hath called us to His glorious light.

Amen.
229

Apostles.

187. HANOVER.

DR. CROFT.



Apostles.

DISPOSER Supreme,
And Judge of the earth,
Who choosest for Thine
The weak and the poor ;
To frail earthen vessels
And things of no worth,
Entrusting Thy riches
Which aye shall endure ;

Those vessels soon fail,
Though full of Thy light,
And at Thy decree
Are broken and gone ;
Thence brightly appeareth
Thy truth in its might,
As through the clouds riven
The lightnings have shone.

Like clouds are they borne
To do Thy great will,
And swift as the winds
About the world go ;
The Word with His wisdom
Their spirits doth fill,
They thunder, they lighten,
The waters o'erflow.

Their sound goeth forth,
" Christ Jesus the Lord ;"
Then Satan doth fear,
His citadels fall :
As when the dread trumpets
Went forth at Thy word,
And one long blast shattered
The Canaanite's wall.

O loud be their tramp,
And stirring their sound,
To rouse us, O Lord,
From the slumber of sin ;
The lights Thou hast kindled
In darkness around,
Oh, may they illumine
Our spirits within.

All honour, and praise,
Dominion, and might,
To God Three in One
Eternally be,
Who round us hath shed
His marvellous light,
And called us from darkness
His glory to see.—Amen.

Ebangelists.

188. CONWAY.



BEHOLD the messengers of Christ,
Who sow in every place
The unveiled mysteries of God,
The Gospel of His grace.

The things through mists and shadows
dim

By holy prophets seen,
In the full light of day they saw
With not a cloud between.

What Christ, True Man, divinely
wrought,
What God in Manhood bore,
They wrote as God inspired in words
That live for evermore.

Although in space and time apart,
One Spirit ruled them all;
And in their sacred pages still
We hear that Spirit's call.

To God, the Blessed Three in One,
Be glory, praise, and might,
Who called us from the shades of death
To His own glorious light.—Amen.

Martyrs.

189. MELCOMBE.

WEBBE.



Of all Thy warrior Saints, O Lord!
The portion, crown, and great
reward,
As we Thy martyr's praises chant,
Forgiveness to our errors grant.

From earth and its delusive joys,
Its hurtful blandishments and toys,
As transient all, he turned away,
And reached the heavenly realms of day.

By him the painful course was run,
The shame endured, the glory won;
For Thy dear sake his blood was shed,
And gifts eternal crown his head.

To Thee we therefore make our prayer,
Most merciful! Thy people spare;
That we, in this Thy martyr's feast,
May joy from every sin released.

O Christ! the King of Grace, to Thee,
With God the Father, glory be;
So to Thee, Spirit Paraclete!
Now, and through ages infinite.—Amen.

Martyrs.

190. S. THOMAS.



THE eternal gifts of Christ our King,
The martyrs' victories let us sing;
And high to-day our voices raise,
In meet and joyful songs of praise.

They vanquished every worldly fear,
Made light of pain and anguish here;
And, death's brief struggle o'er, possess
The life of perfect blessedness.

To flames, behold! the sufferers haled,
By teeth of savage beasts assailed;
Before them armed, with ruthless hand
And iron fangs, the torturers stand;

They bare their bosoms to the blade,
On earth their sacred blood is shed;
Yet firm and dauntless they remain,
The prize of endless life to gain.

Redeemer! we Thine aid beseech
Their holy fellowship to reach;
With them Thy supplicants unite,
For ever in the realms of light.—Amen.

Martys.

191. REFUGE.

C. E. WILLING.



THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain,
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came, [knew
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame.

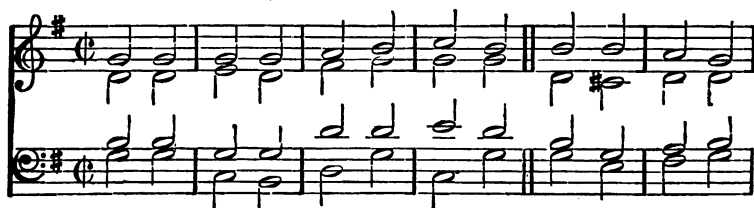
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to
Who follows in their train? [feel;

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.—Amen.

Harbest.

192. TANTUM ERGO.



Harvest.

GOD the Father ! Whose creation
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth;
Thou whose yearly operation
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,
Here to Thee we make oblation
Of the August-gold of earth.

God the Word ! the sun, maturing
With his blessed ray the corn,
Spake of Thee, O sun enduring,
Thee, O everlasting morn !
Thee, in Whom our woes find curing,
Thee, that liftest up our horn !

God the Holy Ghost ! the showers
That have fattened out the grain,
Types of Thy celestial powers,
Symbols of baptismal rain,
Shadowed out the grace that dowers
All the faithful of Thy train.

When the harvest of each nation
Severs righteousness from sin,
And archangel proclamation
Bids to put the sickle in,
And each age and veneration
Sink to woe, or glory win ;

Grant that we, or young or hoary,
Lengthened be our span or brief,
Whatsoe'er the life-long story
Of our joy or of our grief,
May be garnered up in glory
As Thine own elected sheaf !

Laud to Him, to Whom supernal
Thrones and virtues bend the knee :
Laud to Him, from Whom infernal
Powers and dominations flee :
Laud to Him, the Co-eternal
Paraclete, for ever be.—Amen.

General Hymns.

193. MASON.

(C. E. WILLING

p *cres.*

p *cres.*

f

dim. *p* *pp*

dim. *pp* A - men.

PIERCE was the wild billow ·
 Dark was the night ;
 Oars labour'd heavily ;
 Foam glimmer'd white
 Trembled the mariners ;
 Peril was high ;
 Then said the God of God,
 —“Peace! It is I!”

Jesu, Deliverer !
 Come Thou to me :
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over Life's sea !
 Thou, when the storm of Death
 Roars, sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of Truth !
 —“Peace! It is I!”—Amen

General Hymns.

194. VESPER.

C. E. WILLING.



THE day is past and over :
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee !
 We pray Thee, that offenceless
 The hours of dark may be.
 O Jesu ! keep us in Thy sight,
 And save us thro' the coming night !

The joys of day are over :
 We lift our hearts to Thee ;
 And call on Thee, that sinless
 The hours of sin may be.
 O Jesu ! make their darkness light,
 And save us thro' the coming night !

The toils of day are over :
 We raise the hymn to Thee ;
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of fear may be.
 O Jesu ! keep us in Thy sight,
 And guard us thro' the coming night !
 Be Thou our souls' preserver,
 O God ! for Thou dost know
 How many are the perils
 Through which we have to go :
 Lover of men ! O hear our call,
 And guard and save us from them all !
 Amen.

General Hymns.

195. INCARNATION.

C. E. WILLING.



A GREAT and mighty wonder !
A full and holy cure !
The Virgin bears the Infant
With Virgin-honour pure !

The Word becomes Incarnate,
And yet remains on high ;
And Cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.

And we with them triumphant
Repeat the hymn again :
"To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men !"

While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains !
Ye oceans, clap your hands !

Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The Saviour and the Lord !—Amen.

General Hymns.

196. CLAYTON.

C. E. WILLING.



WHENCE shall my tears begin?
 What first-fruits shall I bear
 Of earnest sorrow for my sin?
 Or how my woes declare? [One!
 Oh Thou! the Merciful and Gracious
 Forgive the foul transgressions I
 have done.

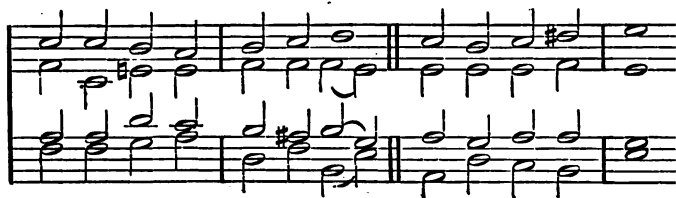
Thou formed'st me of clay,
 O Heav'nly Potter! Thou
 In fleshly vesture didst array,
 With life and breath endow.
 Thou Who didst make, didst ransom,
 and dost know,
 To Thy repentant creature pity show!

Thou Spotless Lamb divine,
 Who takest sins away,
 Remove, remove, the load that mine
 Upon my conscience lay:
 And, of Thy tender mercy, grant Thou me
 To find remission of iniquity! — Amen.

General Hymns.

197. RESURRECTION.

C. E. WIL



General Hymns.

'TIS the Spring of souls to-day :
Christ hath burst His prison ;
And from three days' sleep in death,
—As a sun, hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
With the Day of Splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render :
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal :
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.—Amen.

General Hymns.

198. REST.

C. E. WILLING.



ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me"—saith One—"and
Be at rest!" [coming,

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-
And His Side." [prints,

Is there Diadem, as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety,
But of Thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yea!"—Amen.

General Hymns.

199. FUNERAL HYMN.

C. E. WILLING.

VERSE 1. *Largo.*

piu allegro.

Safe home, safe home, safe home in port, Rent

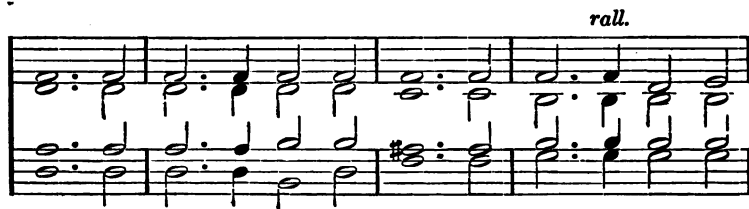
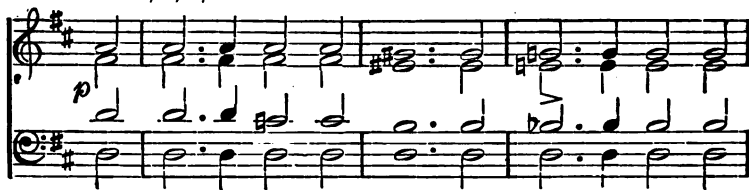
cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And on-ly not a

wreck ; But oh, the joy up-on the shore, To tell our voyage perils o'er ; But

oh, the joy up-on the shore, To tell our voy-age pe-rils o'er.

General Hymns.

VERSES 2, 3, 4, AND 5.



General Hymns.



The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;
 Bare all he *could* endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm :
 No more of leaguer'd camp,
 And cry of night-alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 And yet how nearly he had failed,—
 How nearly had that foe prevailed !

The lamb is in the fold
 In perfect safety penn'd :
 The lion once had hold,
 And thought to make an end :
 But One came by with Wounded Side,
 And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at Home !
 —O nights and days of tears,
 O longings not to roam,
 O sins, and doubts, and fears,—
 What matter now (when so men say)
 The King has wip'd those tears away ?

LAST VERSE. *Adagio.*



General Hymns.

piu f *cres.*

wi - dow'd hours are past, The Bride-groom at thy side,

ff *rall.* *Allegro.* *f*

Thou all his own..... at last. The sor - rows of thy

form-er cup In full fru - i - tion swallow'd up; The sorrows of thy

rall. al Fine. *ff*

form-er cup In full fru - i - tion swal-low'd up. A - men.

General Hymns.

200. PASCHA.

C. E. WILLING.



LET us rise in early morning,
 And, instead of ointments, bring
 Hymns of praises to our Master,
 And His Resurrection sing :
 We shall see the Sun of Justice
 Risen with healing on His wing.

Go ye forth, His Saints, to meet Him!
 Go with lamps in every hand !
 From the sepulchre He riseth :
 Ready for the Bridegroom stand :
 And the Pascha of salvation
 Hail, with His triumphant band.

Amen.

General Hymns.

201. PILGRIMS.

C. E. WILLING.



A HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men :
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then !

The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due,
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope in which ye yearn,
*The Love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—*
270

What are they, but vaunt-couriers,
To lead you to His Sight?
What are they, save the effluence
Of Uncreated Light?

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That Death alone can cure,—

What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to Heav'n on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies ;—
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize!—Amen.

General Hymns.

202. PURIFICATION.

C. E. WILLING.



JESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear :
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace !
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.—Amen.

General Hymns.

203. MARTYRS' HYMN.

C. E. WILLING.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in common time. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The first system includes a key signature change to E major (two sharps). The score consists of four systems of music. The final system concludes with the text "A-men." written below the staff.

General Hymns.

LET our choir new anthems raise :
Wake the morn with gladness :
God Himself to joy and praise
Turns the Martyrs' sadness :
This the day that won their crown,
Opened Heaven's bright portal ;
As they laid the mortal down,
And put on th' immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never ;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour :
For by faith they saw the Land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish ;
And eternal hope o'ercame
Momentary anguish.
He Who trod the self-same road,
Death and hell defeated ;
Wherefore these their passions show'd
Calvary repeated.

Up and follow, Christian men !
Press through toil and sorrow !
Spurn the night of fear, and then,—
Oh the glorious morrow !
Who will venture on the strife ?
Who will first begin it ?
Who will seize the Land of Life ?
Warriors, up and win it !—Amen.

General Hymns.

204. CROFT.

DR. CROFT.

The musical score is written for two voices, Soprano and Bass, in G major (one sharp) and common time. It consists of four systems of two staves each. The melody is primarily in the Soprano part, with the Bass part providing harmonic support. The piece concludes with the word "A - men." written below the final measure of the Bass staff.

A - men.

General Hymns.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing His praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To Him your homage pay.
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise His holy Name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.—Amen.

General Hymns.

205. MIRIAM.

C. E. WILLING.

Tempo moderato.

The musical score is written for a hymn titled "MIRIAM" by C. E. WILLING. It is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). The tempo is marked "Tempo moderato." The score consists of four systems of two staves each. The melody is primarily in the upper voice, with a supporting bass line. The final system concludes with the word "A-men." written above the staff.

General Hymns.

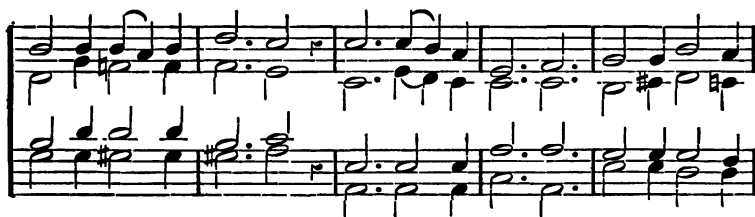
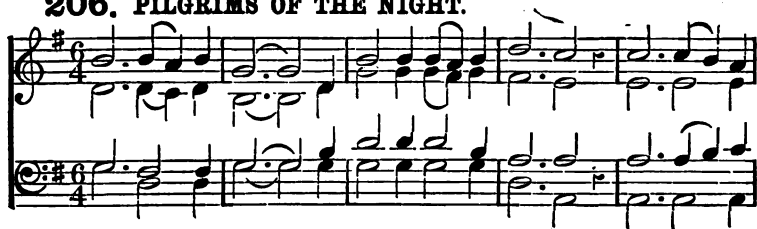
O UNITY of Threefold Light,
Send out Thy loveliest ray,
And scatter our transgressions' night,
And turn it into day ;
Make us those temples pure and fair,
Thy glory loveth well
The spotless tabernacles, where
Thou may'st vouchsafe to dwell !

The glorious hosts of peerless might
That ever see Thy Face,
Thou mak'st the mirrors of Thy Light,
The vessels of Thy grace :
Thou, when their wond'rous strain they weave,
Hast pleasure in the lay :
Deign thus our praises to receive,
Albeit from lips of clay !

And yet Thyself they cannot know,
Nor pierce the veil of light
That hides Thee from the Thrones below,
As in profoundest night :
How then can mortal accents frame
Due tribute to the King ?
Thou, only, while we praise Thy name,
Forgive us as we sing !—Amen.

General Hymns.

206. PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.



General Hymns.



HARK! hark! my soul! angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore!
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night:

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darkness night be past;
 All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last
 Angels of Jesus, &c.

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
 While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
 Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
 Angels of Jesus, &c.—Amen.

General Hymns.

207. RETFORD.

C. E. WILLING.

The musical score is arranged in four systems, each with two staves. The top staff of each system is for the vocal melody, and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The music is in a hymn style with a simple melody and harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics "A - - - men." are written below the final measure of the piano part.

General Hymns.

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee ;
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness Thou dost know ;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy ;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy :
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.—Amen.

General Hymns.

208. MÉHUL.

From Méhul's "Joseph."
Adapted by C. E. WILLING.



General Hymns.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy Land,
Where they that loved are blessed;
Where loyal hearts, and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest, and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts, and true, &c.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay?
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;
Where loyal hearts, and true, &c.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near.
Where loyal hearts, and true, &c.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore,
Where loyal hearts, and true, &c.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special house my dearest Lord
Is furnishing for me.
Where loyal hearts, and true, &c.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 't will not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song,
Where loyal hearts, and true, &c.—Amen.

The Magnificat,

AS SUNG AT ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, MARGARET STREET,
ON GREAT FESTIVALS.

SOLO. BASS. Arranged by C. E. WILLING.

My soul doth magni - fy the Lord,

SYMPHONY *ad lib.*

This system contains the first musical staff for the Solo Bass and the first two staves of the Symphony. The Solo Bass staff begins with a whole rest, followed by a double bar line and then a half note G. The Symphony staves begin with a whole rest, followed by a double bar line and then a half note G. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C).

and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Sa - - viour ;

This system contains the second musical staff for the Solo Bass and the second and third staves of the Symphony. The Solo Bass staff continues with a half note A, followed by a double bar line and then a half note G. The Symphony staves continue with a half note A, followed by a double bar line and then a half note G. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C).

CHORUS.

f For He hath re-gard-ed the lowliness of His hand-maid - en ;

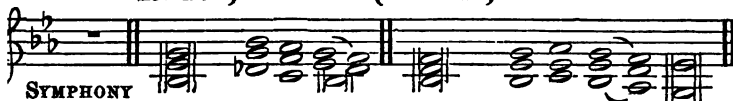
This system contains the third musical staff for the Solo Bass and the fourth and fifth staves of the Symphony. The Solo Bass staff begins with a half note G, followed by a double bar line and then a half note A. The Symphony staves begin with a half note G, followed by a double bar line and then a half note A. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is common time (C).

The Magnificat.

SOLO.



For be- } hence-forth { all genera- } call me bless - ed ;
hold from } tions shall }



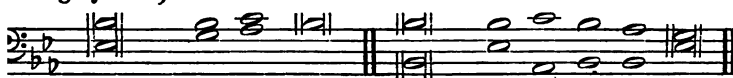
SYMPHONY
ad lib.



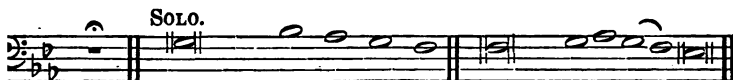
CHORUS.



f For He that is } magnified me, And ho - ly is His Name.



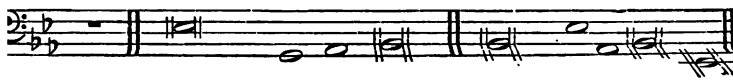
SOLO.



And His mercy } them that fear Him { through- }
is on } out all } - ra - tions ;



SYMPHONY
ad lib.



The Magnificat.

CHORUS.

He hath hewed strength } with His arm; { He hath scattered the proud in the imagi- } nations of their hearts:

SOLO.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat,

SYMPHONY
ad lib.

and hath exalted the hum - ble and meek;

The Magnificat.

CHORUS.

He hath filled the hungry with } good things, { and the rich He hath sent } empty a - way ;

SOLO.

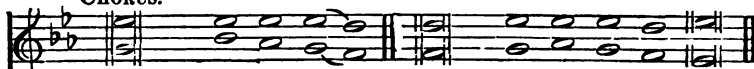
He, remembering His mercy, } ser - vant Is - rael, { hath holpen His

SYMPHONY
ad lib.

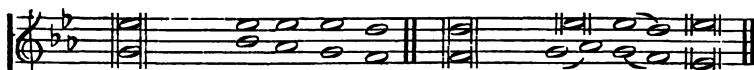
as He promised to our fore-fathers, Abraham, and his } seed for e - - - ver.

The Magnificat.

CHORUS.




Glory be to the } and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
Father,

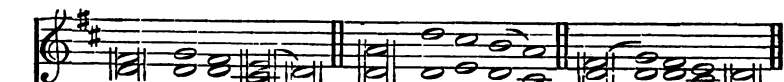


As it was in the be- } e - ver shall be, world without end. A - men.
ginning, is now, and

Chant for the Nunc Dimittis.

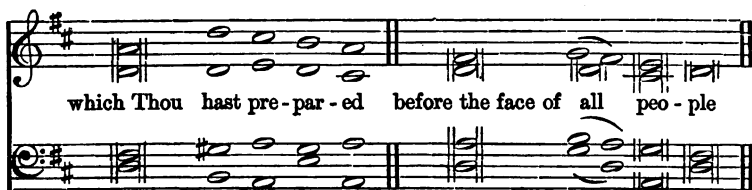


ORGAN. Lord, now lettest Thou } part in peace,
Thy servant de-

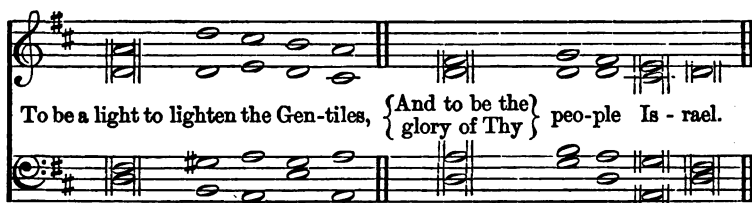


according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy sal - va - tion,


Chant for the Nunc Dimittis.



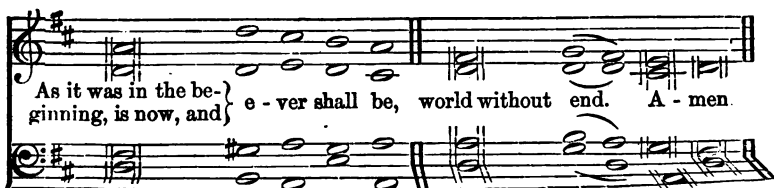
which Thou hast pre- par - ed before the face of all peo - ple



To be a light to lighten the Gen-tiles, {And to be the} peo-ple Is - rael.
glory of Thy



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost ;



As it was in the be- } e - ver shall be, world without end. A - men.
ginning, is now, and

Chants.

•• The following Chants have been written by the EDITOR for the use of the Foundling Chapel, and are now published for the first time.

1.



2.



Chants.

3.

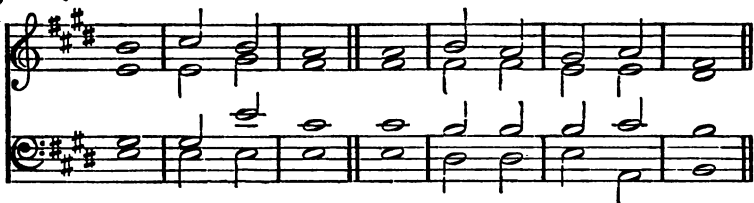


4.



Chant

5.



6.



Chants.

7.



8.



Chants.

9.



10.

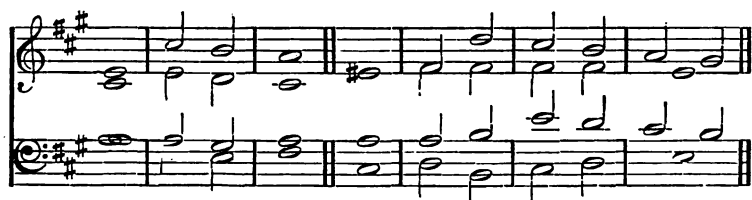


Chants.

11.



12.

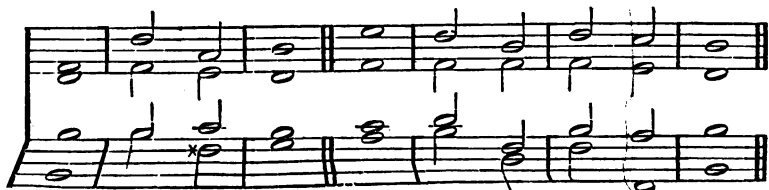


Chants.

13.



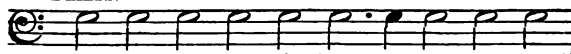
14.



Responses

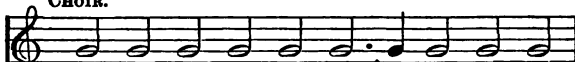
FOR THE
SEASONS OF "ADVENT" AND "LENT."

PRIEST.



Al - migh - ty and most mer - ci - ful Fa - ther,

CHOIR.



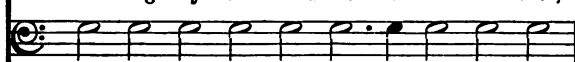
Al - migh - ty and most mer - ci - ful Fa - ther, (*and so forth.*)



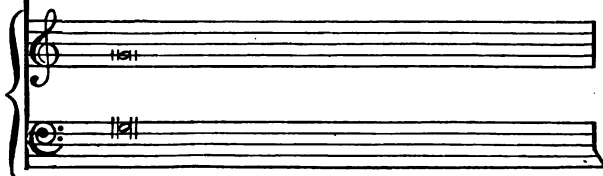
Al - migh - ty and most mer - ci - ful Fa - ther, (*and so forth.*)



Al - migh - ty and most mer - ci - ful Fa - ther, (*and so forth.*)



Al - migh - ty and most mer - ci - ful Fa - ther, (*and so forth.*)



PRIEST.

To the glo-
- ry of Thy
Ho - ly Name.

CHOIR.

To the glo-ry of Thy Ho - ly Name. A-men.
To the glo-ry of Thy Ho - ly Name. A-men.

PRIEST.

Al - migh - ty God (and so forth.)

CHOIR.

A - men.
A - men.

PRIEST and PEOPLE.

Our Fa-ther which art in heaven, (*and so forth*) and e-ver. A-men.

Our Fa-ther which art in heaven, (*and so forth*) and e-ver. A-men.

PRIEST.

O Lord,
o-pen Thou our lips,

CHOIR.

And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

And our mouth shall shew forth Thy praise.

PRIEST.



O God, make



speed to save us.

CHOIR.



O Lord, make haste to help us.




O Lord, make haste to help us.

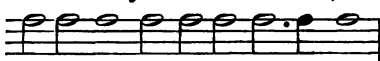





PRIEST.

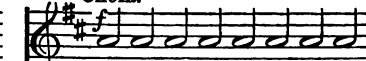


Glo-ry be to the Father, and

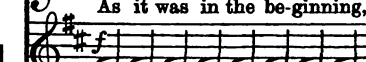


to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;

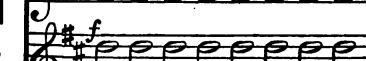
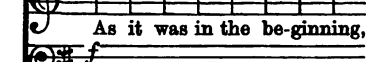
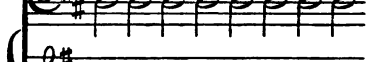
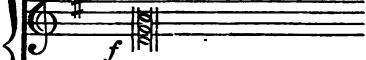
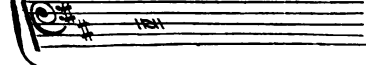
CHOIR.



As it was in the be-gin-ning,



As it was in the be-gin-ning,

ff

is now and e - ver shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

ff

is now and e - ver shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

ff

PRIEST.

Praise ye the Lord.

CHOIR.

The Lord's Name be prais - ed.

The Lord's Name be prais - ed.

301

PRIEST and PEOPLE.

Musical score for Priest and People. The score is written for four staves. The first two staves are for the Priest and the next two for the People. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "I believe in God (and so forth) and the life everlasting. A-men." The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a steady rhythm.

I believe in God (*and so forth*) and the life everlasting. A-men.

I believe in God (*and so forth*) and the life everlasting. A-men.

PRIEST.

Musical score for the Priest. The score is written for a single staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "The Lord be with you,"

The Lord be with you,

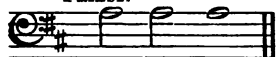
CHOIR.

Musical score for the Choir. The score is written for four staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "And with Thy Spi - rit." The music is in a simple, homophonic style with a steady rhythm.

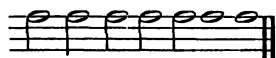
And with Thy Spi - rit.

And with Thy Spi - rit.

PRIEST.

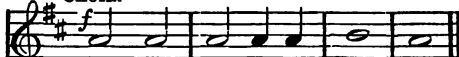


Let us pray.

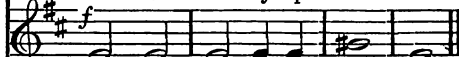


Lord have mercy up-on us.

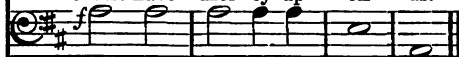
CHOIR.



Christ have mer-cy up - on us.

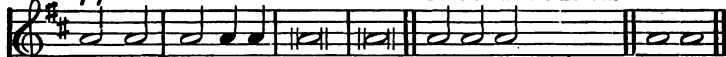


Christ have mer-cy up - on us.

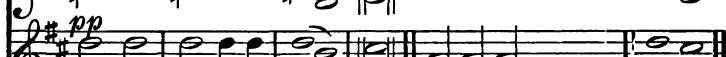
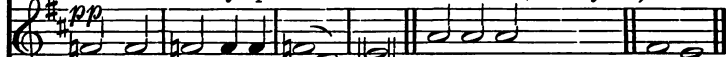


pp

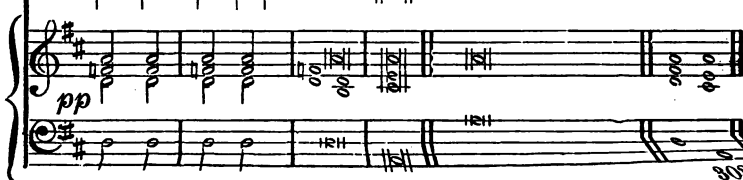
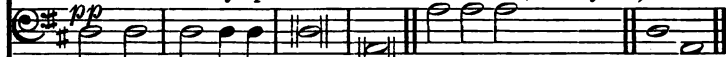
PRIEST and PEOPLE.



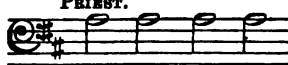
Lord have mer-cy up - on us. Our Father (and so forth) A-men.




Lord have mer-cy up - on us. Our Father (and so forth) A-men.



PRIST.



O Lord, shew Thy



mer - cy up - on us,

CHOIR.



And grant us Thy sal - va - tion.



f



And grant us Thy sal - va - tion.




PRIST.

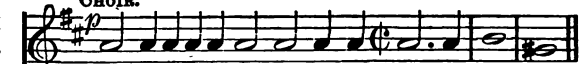


O Lord

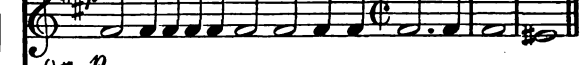


save the Queen.

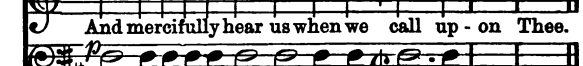
CHOIR.



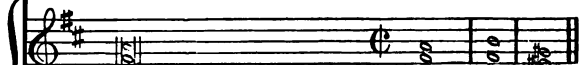
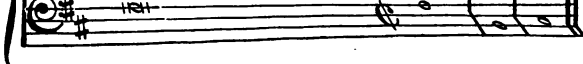
And mercifully hear us when we call up - on Thee.



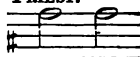
p



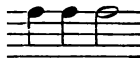
And mercifully hear us when we call up - on Thee.

PRIEST.



En - due

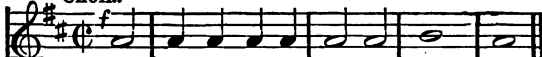


mi-nis-ters

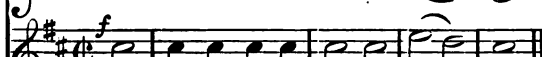


righteousness.

CHOIR.



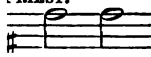
And make Thy chosen peo-ple joy - ful.



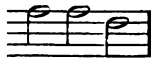
And make Thy chosen peo-ple joy - ful.



PRIEST.

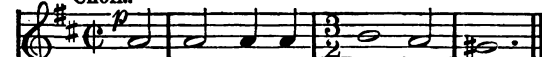


O Lord,

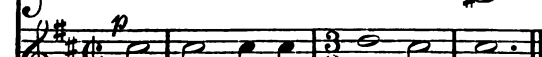


Thy peo-ple,

CHOIR.



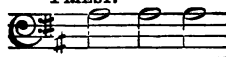
And bless Thine in - - he - ri - tance.



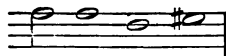
And bless Thine in - - he - ri - tance.



PRIEST.

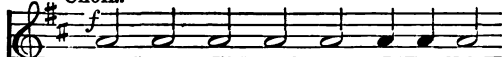


Give peace in

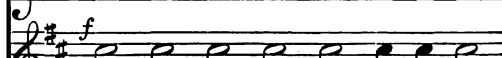
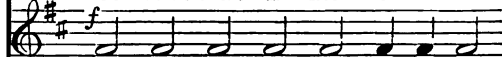


our time, O Lord,

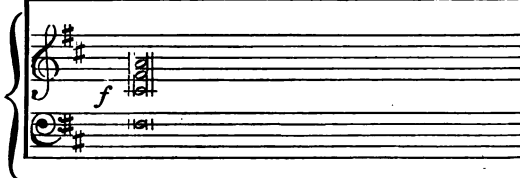
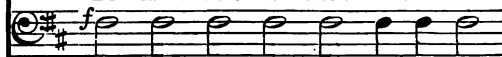
CHOIR.



Be - cause there is none o - ther that



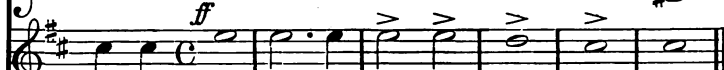
Be - cause there is none o - ther that



ff



fight-eth for us but on - ly Thou, O God.



fight-eth for us but on - ly Thou, O God.



PRIEST.

O God, make
clean our hearts with-
- in us,

CHOIR.

pp And take not Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit from us.
pp And take not Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit from us.
pp And take not Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit from us.
pp And take not Thy Ho-ly Spi-rit from us.

pp

At the end of every Prayer.

A - men.
A - men.
A - men.

Office of the Holy Communion.

Responses after the Commandments.



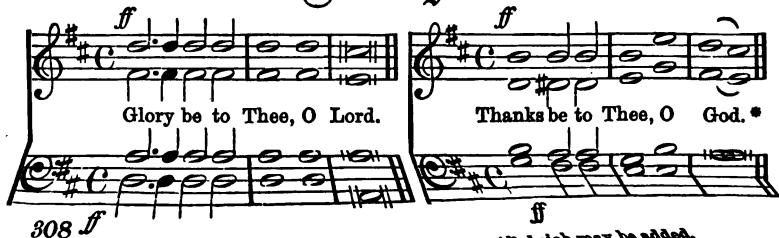
Lord have mercy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

After the Tenth Commandment.



Lord have mer-cy up - on us, And write all
these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech . . Thee.

Doxologies.



Glory be to Thee, O Lord. Thanks be to Thee, O God. *

308 *ff* *f*

* From Easter to Trinity the following Alleluiah may be added.

From. Easter to Trinity.

ff Vivace—pp on the Repeat.

Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah,

Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah,

ff

ff A-men. *ff* Al-le-lu-jah, A-men.

A-men. *ff* Al-le-lu-jah, Al-le-lu-jah.

A-men. Al-le-lu-jah, A-men.

ff

309

Al - le - lu - jah, Al - le - lu - jah, Al - - le - lu - jah,

ff A - men, A - men. Al - le - lu - jah, Al - - le - lu - jah,

Al - le - lu - jah, Al - le - lu - jah, Al - - le - lu - jah,

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "Al - le - lu - jah, Al - le - lu - jah, Al - - le - lu - jah," followed by "A - men, A - men. Al - le - lu - jah, Al - - le - lu - jah," and "Al - le - lu - jah, Al - le - lu - jah, Al - - le - lu - jah,". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, flowing line in the left hand.

A - - - men, Al - le - lu . jah, A - - - - men.

A - - - men, Al - le - lu - jah, A - - - - men.

A - - - men. Al - le - lu - jah, A - - - - men.

The second system of the musical score continues the hymn. It consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "A - - - men, Al - le - lu . jah, A - - - - men.", "A - - - men, Al - le - lu - jah, A - - - - men.", and "A - - - men. Al - le - lu - jah, A - - - - men." The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern to the first system, providing harmonic support for the vocal lines.

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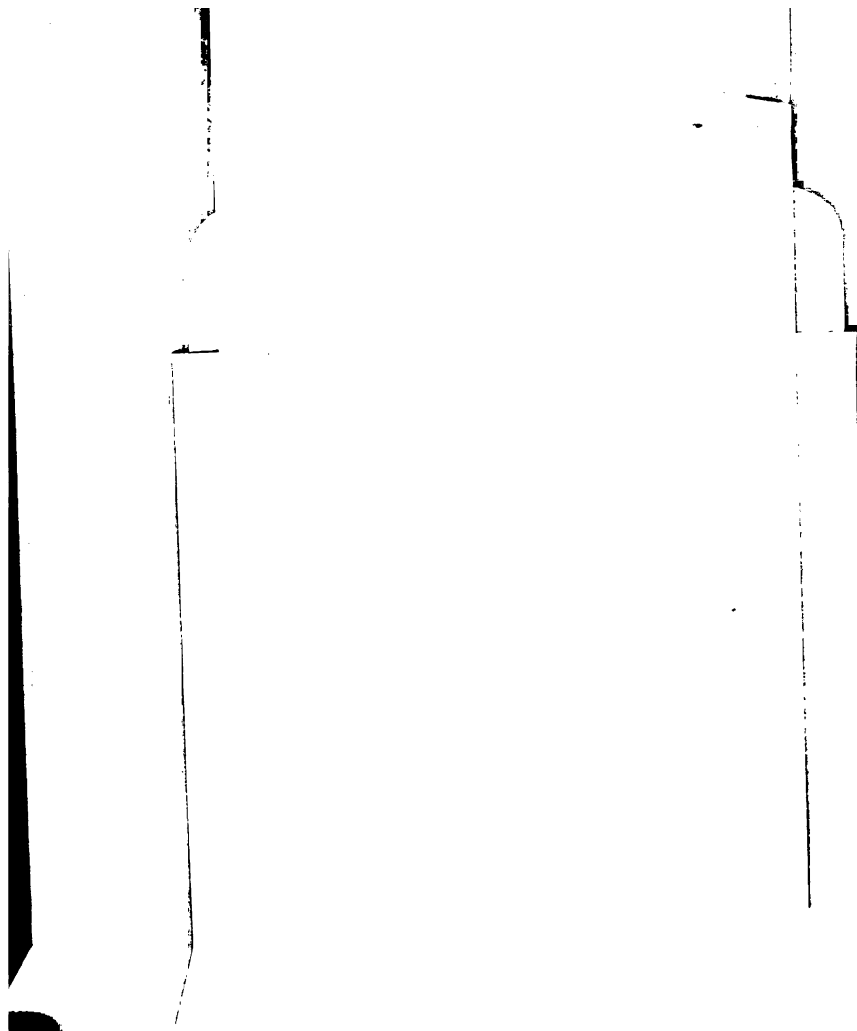
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